

The Massillon Independent.

MASSILLON, OHIO, APRIL 25, 1895

XXXIV—NO. 3

WHOLE NO 1771

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office second floor, over dolphin's Jewelry store, 300 Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

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GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block. Dealer in prompt and noted manufacturers' script and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns of the United States.

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Z. T. BALTZ, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

D. W. H. KIRLAND, Homeopathic Practitioner, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, small Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Joe. Cornish & Son, proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufacturer of Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO. Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

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D. ATWATER & SON. Established in 1882. Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store C. East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 55 South Erie street.

R. J. PUMPHREY, Physician & Surgeon.

Office 70 E. Main St. 8 to 10 a. m. Residence 46 E. Tremont St. 1 to 4 p. m. Massillon, O. 6 to 8 p. m.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment

Is a certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Granulated Eye Lids, Sore Nip pie, Piles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum and Scald Head, 25 cents per box. For sale by druggists.

TO HORSE OWNERS.

For putting a horse in a fine healthy condition try Dr. Oddy's Condition Powders. They tone up the system, aid digestion, cure loss of appetite, relieve constipation, correct kidney disease and destroy worms, giving new life to an old or over-worked horse. 25 cents per package. For sale by Mortgantaler & Heister, druggists.



Black is Fashionable.
Black is "Becoming"

and Choice Black Dress Fabrics never sold in this store at such rapid rate as at present.

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NEW BLACK TWILL MOHAIRS.

Elegant in appearance, right in weight; bought at a sacrifice several months ago, before it was settled that Black would be the fashionable fad as to color 44 inches wide 50 cents a yard.

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Specially adapted for Suits, Separate Skirts or Petticoats—40 inches wide, 35¢; 42 inches wide, 50¢ and 85¢; 54 inches wide, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

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You've paid double for nearly so good and fine goods as these—38 inches wide, 25¢.

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New and stylish effects, direct from Paris—75¢, \$1.00, \$1.25 np.

Good Black Crepons, 45 cents, to finest imported at \$3.00 per yard.

All wool, neat Check Suitings, stylish mixtures—33 inches wide, 22 cents a yard.

Large assortments of stylish, up-to-date Dress Goods and Suitings at 25¢, 30¢, 40¢ and 50¢, that will prove conclusively we intend making it an object to you to do your buying here!

Come or write for samples and our new 1895 Spring and Summer Catalogue—twill cost you only the postal containing your request.

BOGGS & BUHL,
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News while it is news—red hot, fresh from the wires. The whole world is connected with THE INDEPENDENT, and it is the pace.

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New Method of Smuggling Them into the United States.

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United States Customs Officials at Montreal Discover the Trick—The Corpses Gotten Away Attired as Females—One Customs Collector Ridicules the Story.

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Roosevelt to Go to New York.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt has decided to accept one of the police commissionerships for the city of New York, tendered to him by Mayor Strong, certain questions which had caused him to hesitate having been arranged satisfactorily.

Will to Split the Difference.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 24.—At a massmeeting of miners of the Springfield sub-district resolutions were passed by almost unanimous vote that the miners would insist on at least 40 cents per ton, gross, the coming summer. The present rate is 45 cents, but the operators have decided to reduce it to 35 cents on May 1.

The Curzons at McLean's House.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—Hon. George N. Curzon and his bride, nee Miss Lester, are at the suburban home of Mr. John R. McLean, near the president's country house. They will sail Saturday day, Lord Lamington, Sir James and Lady Miller and Mr. Frank Curzon left home to sail today.

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Royal Arcanum Grand Council.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 24.—The seventeenth annual session of the Grand Council of the Royal Arcanum has opened here, with an attendance of about 300 delegates, representing every part of the state of New York. The delegates are accompaned by their wives to the number of more than 100.

Boy on Trial for Murder.

NEW YORK, April 24.—Charles Kuhnigkies, 16-years-old, has been placed on trial before Judge Lovewell, in Part III of general sessions, for assault in the first degree. The charge is that the defendant killed Charles Jephcott, a lad of about the same age, on Feb. 18 last, in a fight.

Decided for the Company.

PHILADELPHIA, April 24.—Judge Dallas has filed an opinion in the United States circuit court in favor of the Gettysburg Electric Railway company in the dispute over the taking of land by the government to preserve the battlefield. Judge Butler filed a dissenting opinion. The argument took place last month.

Rioting Among Chinese Soldiers.

LONDON, April 24.—A dispatch to The Times from Hongkong says there has been rioting among the Chinese soldiers in the northern portion of the island of Formosa and that 25 persons, including two officers, have been killed and in addition 50 persons were wounded.

Accused of Embezzlement.

MONTRÉAL, April 24.—Edgar Nelton, an American variety performer, has caused the arrest of Dr. Cameron, one of Montreal's society physicians, charging him with the theft of a \$1,000 stamp collection.

Sentenced to a Second Term.

CONCORD, N. H., April 24.—James McAvoy of this city, aged 19 years, a criminal with one state prison sentence on his record, has been sentenced to ten years in the state prison for burglary.

Eckels Declined the Offer.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—James H. Eckels, comptroller of the currency, has declined an offer to become financial editor of the Chicago Times-Herald at a large salary.

Lincoln's Birthday a Legal Holiday.

ALBANY, April 24.—In the assembly the bill to make Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday has passed without a dissenting vote.

Requisition for Honored.

TRENTON, April 24.—Governor Werts has granted an order on the sheriff of Hudson county to turn over to the New York authorities Trainrobber Oliver Curtis Perry, who escaped from the Maccowan criminal insane asylum.

Come or write for samples and our new 1895 Spring and Summer Catalogue—twill cost you only the postal containing your request.

For a New Ship Canal.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 24.—Representative Ellsworth has introduced a bill in the legislature, looking to the construction of a ship canal from Michigan to the Mississippi river.

Buchanan Granted a Respite.

ALBANY, April 24.—Governor Morton has granted Dr. Buchanan a respite of one week. He was to have been electrocuted for wife murder today.

MARION, O. JACU.

Circuit Court Judge Decides Common Pleas Court Had No Jurisdiction.

MARION, O., April 24.—C. J. Nichols, mayor; O. A. Busard, president of the city council, and Thomas R. Roberts, member of the city council, have been released on a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge James L. Price of the circuit court at Lima, holding that the common pleas court had no jurisdiction over the proceedings of the city council in the manner that the temporary injunction was granted by the judge of the probate court, in the absence of the judge of the common pleas court.

They all returned from Lima well pleased with the decision of the court, and without paying fines, costs, or signing bonds.

Will Build a Big Plant.

CLEVELAND, April 24.—A number of gentlemen representing the General Electric company have finished a two-days' conference in this city. Among the more prominent men present were: President C. A. Coffin, Vice President S. Dana Green and Treasurer J. P. Orr. One of the members of the company said just before he started for the depot, that the matter under consideration was the combination of several of the plants operated by the company. It has half a dozen of them, and three will probably be united. It was stated that an immense plant would be located by the General Electric company on Lake Erie, probably either at Cleveland or Buffalo. The plant will employ, when completed, from 4,000 to 6,000 men.

O'Rourke Roasts Corbett.

CINCINNATI, April 24.—Tom O'Rourke, the manager of Walcott and Dixon, came out on the stage and abused Jim Corbett roundly last night, said he was no gentleman, and that he would prove it by reading Corbett's card answering his challenge to match Walcott and Dixon against any men Corbett would name. He said he would put up \$8,000 that Corbett could not knock out little Joe Walcott in four rounds. He said his company and Corbett's would travel on the same train on Saturday night and Corbett would not dare enter his train. His remarks were met with mingled hisses and cheers, the colored people, who were numerous, doing the present Nicaraguan incident.

Incorporated In Ohio.

COLUMBUS, April 24.—The following articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the secretary of state: Wrayton Oil company, Columbus, capital stock \$50,000; Caspari Stone company, Columbus, capital stock \$100,000; Y. M. C. A. Bellefontaine; Ourward Lodge Knights of Pythias, Rising Sun; Cincinnati Heating and Ventilating company, Cincinnati, capital stock \$30,000; Bonnell and McKeever Milling company, Barnesville, capital stock \$10,000; Forest City Steel Range company, Cleveland, capital stock 40,000; Colonial club, Cleveland, capital stock \$50,000; Union Brewing company, Cleveland, capital stock \$100,000.

Lord Sholto Douglass Arrested.

BARKERSFIELD, Cal., April 24.—Lord Sholto C. Douglass, son of the Marquis of Queensbury, has been arrested here charged with insanity. A short time ago he commenced visiting Bakersfield and became infatuated with a variety of girl, and it is said, became engaged to her. He went to the clerk's office and obtained a license to marry her. His friends heard of it and had him arrested for insanity.

Won't Bombard Corinto.

VICTORIA, B. C., April 24.—The monitor of the Pacific squadron, is to bombard Corinto, Nicaragua, is not credited with the extent of the protection to be extended by the United States to the states of Central and South America has been very earnestly and deliberately discussed by the president with his full cabinet, and that the attitude as assumed in the case of

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

[CONTINUED.]

"There is something amiss with Bartholomew," he cried. "I am frightened. My nerves cannot stand it." He was indeed half blubbering with fear, and his twitching, feeble face peeping out from the great astrakhan collar had the helpless, appealing expression of a terrified child.

"Come into the house," said Holmes in his crisp, firm way.

"Yes, do," pleaded Thaddeus Sholto. "I really do not feel equal to giving directions."

We all followed him into the house-keeper's room, which stood upon the left hand side of the passage. The old woman was pacing up and down, with a scared look and restlessness, picking fingers, but the sight of Miss Morstan appeared to have a soothing effect upon her.

"God bless your sweet, calm face!" she cried, with a hysterical sob. "It does me good to see you. Oh, but I have been sorely tried this day."

Our companion patted her thin, weak hand and murmured some few words of kindly womanly comfort which brought the color back into the other's bloodless cheeks.

"Master has locked himself in and will not answer me," she explained. "All day I have waited to hear from him, for he often likes to be alone, but an hour ago I feared that something was amiss, so I went up and peeped through the keyhole. You must go up, Mr. Thaddeus. You must go up and look for yourself. I have seen Mr. Bartholomew Sholto in joy and in sorrow for ten long years, but I never saw him with such a face on him as that."

Sherlock Holmes took the lamp and led the way, for Thaddeus Sholto's teeth were chattering in his head. So shaken was he that I had to pass my hand under his arm as we went up the stairs, for his knees were trembling beneath him. Twice as we ascended Holmes whipped his lens out of his pocket and carefully examined marks which appeared to me to be mere shapeless smudges of dust upon the cocoanut matting which served as a stair carpet. We walked slowly from step to step, holding the lamp low and shooting keen glances to right and left. Miss Morstan had remained with the frightened house-keeper.

The third flight of stairs ended in a straight passage of some length, with a great picture in Indian tapestry upon the right of it and three doors upon the left. Holmes advanced along it in the same slow and methodical way, while we kept close at his heels, with our long black shadows streaming backward down the corridor. The third door was that which we were seeking. Holmes knocked without receiving any answer and then tried to turn the handle and force it open. It was locked on the inside, however, and by a broad and powerful bolt, as we could see when we set our lamp up against it. The key being turned, however, the bolt was not entirely closed. Sherlock bent down to it and instantly rose again with a sharp intaking of the breath.

"There is something devilish in this, Watson," said he, more moved than I had ever before seen him. "What do you make of it?"

I stooped to the hole and recoiled in horror. Moonlight was streaming into the room, and it was bright with a vague and shifty radiance. Looking straight at me and suspended, as it were, in the air, for all beneath was in shadow, there hung a face—the very face of our companion Thaddeus. There was the same high, shining head, the same circular bristle of red hair, the same bloodless countenance. The features were set, however, in a horrible smile, a fixed and unnatural grin, which in that still and moonlit room was more jarring to the nerves than any scowl or contortion. So like was the face to that of our little friend that I looked round at him to make sure that he was indeed with us. Then I recalled to mind that he had mentioned to us that his brother and he were twins. "This is terrible," I said to Holmes. "What is to be done?"

"The door must come down," he answered, and springing against it he put all his weight upon the lock. It creaked and groaned but did not yield. Together we flung ourselves upon it once more, and this time it gave way with a sudden snap, and we found ourselves within Bartholomew Sholto's chamber.

It appeared to have been fitted up as a chemical laboratory. A double line of glass stoppered bottles was drawn up upon the wall opposite the door, and the table was littered over with Bunsen burners, test tubes and retorts. In the corners stood carboys of acid in wicker baskets. One of these appeared to leak or to have been broken, for a stream of dark colored liquid had trickled out from it, and the air was heavy with a peculiar pungent tarlike odor. A set of steps stood at one side of the room, in the midst of a litter of lath and plaster, and above them there was an opening in the ceiling large enough for a man to pass through. At the foot of the steps a long coil of rope was thrown carelessly together.

By the table in a wooden armchair the master of the house was seated all in a heap, with his head sunk upon his left shoulder and that ghostly, inscrutable smile upon his face. He was stiff and cold and had clearly been dead many hours. It seemed to me that not only his features but all his limbs were twisted and turned in the most fantastic fashion. By his hand upon the table there lay a peculiar instrument—a brown, close-grained stick with a stone head like a hammer, rudely lashed on with coarse twine. Beside it was a torn sheet of note paper, with some words scrawled upon it. Holmes plucked at it and then handed it to me.

"You see," he said, with a significant raising of the eyebrows.

In the light of the lantern I read with a thrill of horror. "The sign of the four."

"In God's name, what does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means murder," said he, stooping over the dead man. "Ah, I expected it. Look here!" He pointed to what looked like a long, dark thorn stuck in the skin just above the ear.

"It looks like a thorn," said I.

"It is a thorn. You may pick it out. But be careful, for it is poisoned."

I took it up between my finger and thumb. It came away from the skin so readily that hardly any mark was left behind. One tiny speck of blood showed where the puncture had been.

"This is all an insoluble mystery to me," said I. "It grows darker instead of clearer."

"On the contrary," he answered, "it clears every instant. I only require a few missing links to have an entirely connected case."

We had almost forgotten our companion's presence since we entered the chamber. He was still standing in the doorway, the very picture of terror, wringing his hands and moaning to himself. Suddenly, however, he broke out into a sharp, querulous cry.

"The treasure is gone," he said. "They have robbed him of the treasure. There is the hole through which we lowered it. I helped him to do it. I was the last person who saw him. I left him here last night, and I heard him lock the door as I came down stairs."

"What time was that?"

"It was 10 o'clock. And now he is dead, and the police will be called in, and I shall be suspected of having had a hand in it. Oh, yes, I am sure I shall. But you don't think so, gentlemen? Surely you don't think that it was I? Is it likely that I would have brought you here if it were I? Oh, dear, oh, dear! I know I shall go mad." He jerked his arms and stamped his feet in a kind of convulsive frenzy.

"You have no reason for fear, Mr. Sholto," said Holmes kindly, putting his hand upon his shoulder. "Take my advice and drive down to the station to report the matter to the police. Offer to assist them in every way. We shall wait here until you return." The little man obeyed in a half stupefied fashion, and we heard him stumbling down the stairs in the dark.

CHAPTER VI.

"Now, Watson," said Holmes, rubbing his hands, "we have half an hour to ourselves. Let us make good use of it. My case is, as I have told you, almost complete, but we must not err on the side of overconfidence. Simple as the case seems now, there may be something deeper underlying it."

"Simple!" I ejaculated.

"Surely," said he, with something of the air of a clinical professor expounding to his class. "Just sit in the corner there, that your footprints may not complicate matters. Now to work. In the first place, how did these folks come, and how did they go? The door has not been opened since last night. How of the window?" He carried the lamp across to it, muttering his observations aloud the while, but addressing them to himself rather than to me. "Window is snibbed on the inner side. Framework is solid. No hinges at the side. Let us open it. No water pipe near. Roof quite out of reach. Yet a man has mounted by the window. It rained little last night. Here is the print of a foot in mud upon the sill. And here is a circular muddy mark, and here again upon the floor, and here again by the table. See here, Watson. This is really a very pretty demonstration."

"What then?" I asked.

"Why we have got him, that's all," said he. "I know a dog that would follow that scent to the world's end. If a pack can track a trailed herring across a shore, how far can a specially trained hound follow so pungent a smell as this? It sounds like a sum in the rule of three. The answer should give us the—But, hullo! Here are the accredited representatives of the law."

Heavy steps and the clamor of loud voices were audible from below, and the hall door shut with a loud crash.

"Before they come," said Holmes, "just put your hand here on this poor fellow's arm and here on his leg. What do you feel?"

"The muscles are as hard as a board," I answered.

"Quite so. They are in a state of extreme contraction, far exceeding the usual rigor mortis. Coupled with this distortion of the face, this Hippocratic smile, or 'risus sardonicus,' as the old writers called it, what conclusion would it suggest to your mind?"

"It is the wooden legged man."

"Quite so. But there has been some else—a very able and efficient ally. Could you scale that wall, doctor?"

I looked at the round, well defined round disks. "This is not a footprint," said I.

"It is something much more valuable to us. It is the impression of a wooden stamp. You see here on the sill is the boot mark—a heavy boot, with a broad, metal heel—and beside it is the mark of the timber toe."

"It is the wooden legged man."

"Quite so. But there has been some else—a very able and efficient ally. Could you scale that wall, doctor?"

I looked out of the open window. The moon still shone brightly on that angle of the house. We were a good 60 feet from the ground, and look where I would I could see no foothold nor as much as a crevice in the brickwork.

"It is absolutely impossible," I answered.

"Without aid it is so. But suppose you had a friend up here who lowered you this good stout rope which I see in the corner, securing one end of it to this great hook in the wall. Then, I think, if you were an active man, you might swim up, wooden leg and all. You would depart, of course, in the same fashion, and your ally would draw up the rope, until it from the hook, shun the window, snub it on the inside and get away in the way that he originally came. As a minor point it may be noted," he continued, fingering the rope, "that our wooden legged friend, though a fair climber, was not a professional sailor. His hands were far from horny. My lens discloses more than one blood mark, especially toward the end of the rope, from which I gather that he slipped down with such velocity that he took the skin off his hands."

"This is all very well," said I, "but the thing becomes more unintelligible than ever. How about this mysterious ally? How came he into the room?"

"Yes, the ally," repeated Holmes pensively. "There are features of interest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of the commonplace. I fancy that this ally breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country, though parallel cases suggest themselves from India, and, if my memory serves me, from Senegambia."

"How came he then?" I reiterated.

"The door is locked, the window is inaccessible. Was it through the chimney?"

"The grate is much too small," he answered. "I had already considered that possibility."

"How then?" I persisted.

"You will not apply my precept," he said, shaking his head. "How often have I told you that when you have eliminated the impossible whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth?"

"Yes, the ally," repeated Holmes pensively. "There are features of interest about this ally. He lifts the case from the regions of the commonplace. I fancy that this ally breaks fresh ground in the annals of crime in this country, though parallel cases suggest themselves from India, and, if my memory serves me, from Senegambia."

"How came he then?" I reiterated.

"Why, of course I do," he wheezed. "It's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the theorist. Remember you? I'll never forget how you lectured us all on causes and inferences and effects in the Bishopsgate jewel case. It's true you set us on the right track, but you'll own now that it was more by good luck than good guidance."

"It was a piece of very simple reasoning."

"Oh, come, now, come. Never be ashamed to own up. But what is all this? Bad business, bad business! Stern fact here—no room for theories. How lucky that I happened to be out at Norwood over another case! I was at the station when a message arrived. What d'you think the man died of?"

"This is hardly a case for me to theorize over," said Holmes dryly.

"No, no. Still we can't deny that you hit the nail on the head sometimes. Dear me! Door locked, I understand. Jewels worth half a million missing. How was that?"

"Fastened, but there are steps on the sill."

"Well, well, if it was fastened, the steps could have nothing to do with the matter. That's common sense. Man might have died in a fit, but then the jewels are missing. Ha, I have theory! These flashes come upon me at times. Just step outside, sergeant, and you, Mr. Sholto. Your friend can remain. What do you think of this, Holmes? Sholto was, on his own confession, with his brother last night. The brother died in a fit, on which Sholto walked off with the treasure. How's that?"

"Or which the dead man very considerably got up and locked the door on the inside."

"Hum! There's a flaw there. Let us apply common sense to the matter. This Thaddeus Sholto was with his brother. There was a quarrel. So much we know. The brother is dead, and the jewels are gone. So much also we know. No one saw the brother from the time Thaddeus left him. His bed has not been slept in. Thaddeus is evidently in a most disturbed state of mind. His appearance is well, not attractive. You see that I am weaving my web round Thaddeus. The net begins to close upon him."

"You are quite in possession of the facts yet," said Holmes. "This splinter of wood, which I have every reason to believe to be poisoned, was in the man's snuff where you still see the mark. This card, inscribed as you see it, was on the table, and beside it lay this rather curious stone headed instrument. How does all that fit into your theory?"

"Confirms it in every respect," said the fat detective pomposly. "House is full of Indian curiosities. Thaddeus brought this up, and if this splinter be poisonous Thaddeus may as well have made the murderous use of it as any other man. The card is some hocus pocus—blind as like as not. The only question is, How did he depart? Ah, of course, here is a hole in the roof." With great activity, considering his bulk, he sprang up the steps and squeezed through into the garret, and immediately afterward we heard his exulting voice proclaiming that he had found the trapdoor.

"He can find something," remarked Holmes, shrugging his shoulders. "He has occasional glimmerings of reason. Il n'y a pas des sets si incommodes que ceux qui ont de l'esprit!"

"You see," said Athelney Jones, appearing down the steps again. "Facts are better than mere theories, after all. My view of the case is confirmed. There is a trapdoor communicating with the roof, and it is partly open."

"It was I who opened it."

"Oh, indeed. You did notice it, then?"

"I seemed a little crestfallen at the discovery. 'Well, whoever noticed it, it shows how our gentleman got away. Inspector!'

"Yes, sir," from the passage.

"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way. Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that anything which you may say will be used against you. I arrest you in the queen's name as being concerned in the death of your brother."

"There, now! Didn't I tell you?" cried Holmes.

"Ask Mr. Sholto to step this way. Mr. Sholto, it is my duty to inform you that anything which you may say will be used against you. I arrest you in the queen's name as being concerned in the death of your brother."

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Royal Baking Powder

success
ABSOLUTELY PURE

TO COMPOSE AN OPERA

Some Valuable Suggestions
From One Who Knows.

MISS EMMA R. STEINER'S VIEWS.

The Talented Composer of "The Viking," "The Little Hussar," "The Alchemist," "Fleurette" and Other Operas Gives Beginners Much Excellent Advice.

ster. When I placed him as the star of center field, I had to make a choice over another player whom many good judges will declare to be Duffy's equal if not superior—namely, that wonderful, big rising star, Lange of Chicago. In right field the League teams show their greatest weakness, taking them all as a class. Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Louisville have each been unsettled and disintegrated in their man for that position. While Keeler does not class as a great right fielder, he easily tops every competitor in the other 11 nines.

This task of picking a nine of the best players in their respective conditions is not as easy as it looks to the man who has time to burn.

John J. McMahon, the great Baltimore pitcher, is an interesting person at this time, and he is attracting more attention just now in the baseball world than any other man who plays ball. His professional career came to a close? That is the question which gives him such prominence.

Last summer he injured his pitching arm. The injury was to a muscle which has retired more pitchers in days gone by than any other muscle or ligament of the arm. Some experts among ball players prophesied at the time the injury was contracted that his career as a pitcher was ended.

McMahon went south with his club this spring and did gentle exercise. Rumors flew north that the injured arm would not submit to practice. Until recently McMahon himself was noncommittal upon his condition. Now he announces that he will not pitch a game during the first month of the championship season, but asserts that when the weather gets warm he will be "as good as ever." The case looks suspicious, yet every true lover of baseball hopes McMahon's confidence in the recovery of his arm is well founded. Such men as he when they are forced to retire are severe losses to the sport, for no easily classes with Rusie, Meekin, Nichols, Young and Breitstein. McMahon's injury proves to be of a permanent character, the champions will be badly handicapped. But if his good arm is still good it will greatly strengthen the chances of his club to again win the pennant.

Eugene de Montreville is playing baseball professionally for an Eastern League club. May his tribe increase and his star ascend to the zenith! Such a name on the professional roll is a delicious innovation. It helps to smooth the roughness in the published scores and reports of games of the Mike Tiernans, the Pat Tebeaus, the Tommy McCarty's, the Higreaves, the Bierbaus, the Breitsteins and the Glasscocks. Would there be more De Montrevilles, Vere de Veres, Montagues, St. Clares and Agincourts; more Eugenes, Arthurs, Reginalds and Percy's and less Miles, Davis, Jim's, Jacks, Joes and Bucks. Juliet may pooh-pooh the sound of a name and talk about roses smelling as sweet if called mud, but she never was closely associated with the business of baseball, else she would have agreed with me that an improved nomenclature would help the national game "most powerfully," as they say in Kentucky. Room for Eugene O. P. CAYLOR.

PRESIDENT AND ATHLETE.

W. Vernon Booth, Chief Executive of the Chicago Athletic Association.

W. Vernon Booth enjoys the honor of being president of the Chicago Athletic association, one of the wealthiest and most enterprising clubs of the kind in the United States. His water polo team recently goaded the New York Athletic club into playing a match for the championship, only to receive a severe drubbing in the Mercury Foot tank. But, not at all daunt-



W. VERNON BOOTH

ed, he will endeavor to secure a return match in the Chicago A. C. tank and turn the tables on the New Yorkers if possible.

President Booth is a Princeton man and an athlete from the ground up. He was born 39 years ago and has been a lover of legitimate sport from boyhood. Every honest branch of athletics receives his hearty support, and whether astride a saddle, on a cinder path, on a football gridiron or in the water he is equally at home. He has won many prizes, among them that which went to the winner of the gentle men's jockey race at Warrington park in 1885. He was up on Warrington in that fiercely contested race and headed in the field after a desperate struggle down the stretch, the timer hanging out 1:46 as the record for Warrington and his intrepid rider. Mr. Booth is the general manager of a large packing company as well as the executive head of the lake transportation fleet attached to the concern.

Now, as to instrumentation, I think there is a great deal of unnecessary trifle about this branch of composition in connection with light music. It is my firm conviction that the persons who pay to hear light opera want to hear the instruments do just what they would naturally expect, and it is upon this theory that I always proceed. Rusie's instrumentation is, of course, superb and incomparable, but it would be out of place in an operetta. In other words, I believe in the fitness of things and act accordingly.

I am confident that many a work which is fitted with beautiful melodies has met with dire disaster for no other reason than that the tunes proper, written by a natural musician, have been intrusted for orchestration to a hidebound technician. This man may be a first class musician, but being hampered with the limitations of the school of which he is a disciple is essentially unable to catch the full spirit of the original composer.

In conclusion I wish to say that if the wealthy gentlemen and ladies of New York and other large cities who sincerely desire the advancement of our national musical education would spend some portion of the large sums of money which are now injudiciously invested in this, to the production each year of the three or four most meritorious works of American composers and librettists, more practical good would result in a single year than can be accomplished under the present method in a decade. This idea may not be original with me. In fact, I am positive that it is not, but it is none the less true on that account.

Give the conscientious beginners opportunity to have their works heard by the public and the managers, and it will not be long before America will lead in music as she already does in almost everything else.

All the same.

Thomas Jefferson—Look here, I understand you took advantage of my absence from town an called on Miss Matilda Snowball last night, sah.

George Washington Smith (doggedly)—Yo' is unstaht, sah. I done call on her sistah.

Thomas Jefferson—Well, sah, dat makes no difference. Yo' keep away. I've got my eye on bof ob dem gals.—Brooklyn Life.

EDWARD JAKOBOWSKI.

The Talented Composer of "Ermine" and Other Well Known Light Operas. There are probably very few persons in the United States who have not heard some selection from "Ermine," the opera which ran 788 nights at the New York Casino and was afterward revived twice, the first time for 140 performances and the second time for 112. Last season, too, it was given by the Francis Wilson company, with pecuniary results that were in the highest degree satisfactory.

Edward Jakobowski, the composer of "Ermine," was born in London in 1858. His parents were Viennese of Polish extraction, but his father had become a naturalized Englishman. As a child Edward was not robust, and his parents returned with him to Vienna, where his musical ability early manifested itself, he was sent to the Society of Musical Friends. There he studied for seven years principally under the direction of the famous Hellmesberger. He took several prizes for harmony and instrumentation, and at the age of 16 he had a one act opera, called "Le Reveil," produced. It was an artistic though a pecuniary success. His second work was actually in rehearsal in Paris, but the management failed before it could be given.

Jakobowski then went to London, since which time his career has consisted of a series of almost uninterrupted successes.

He has written and produced "Dick," a comic opera with a libretto by Alfred Murray. This one work is said to have yielded him a small fortune. "Myneheen Jan," "Paolo" and "Ermine," the librettos for all three of which were written by Harry Paulton, followed in quick succession and served to add to the fame and bank account of the young composer. "The Queen of Brilliants" was done for Lillian Russell, but it was a good deal of a disappointment. "The Devil's Deputy," also by Jakobowski, is now being used by Francis Wilson. Mr. Jakobowski is now at work on "Le Caramé de Tantine" and another opera for which Brandon Thomas supplies the libretto.

CONDENSED SPORTING CHAT.

Alerton has trotted 13 races and won seven.

Over 800 race horses, valued at \$1,000, 000, are owned in Buffalo.

EDWARD JAKOBOWSKI



EDWARD JAKOBOWSKI

Directum, 2:05%, has wintered well and is to be trained again the coming season.

The Colonels will be used as a training yacht for the crew of the new America's cup defender.

The Harvard faculty has rescinded its decision, and football will be permitted on the college grounds only.

Captain John L. Brewer has accepted Dr. Carver's challenge to shoot 100 or 200 birds for \$1,000 a side. The match will be shot in Chicago.

The officials of the New York Athletic club are considering the advisability of sending a team to take part in Olympic games at Athens in 1896.

Mr. George J. Gould has purchased the half interest of his brother, Mr. Howard Gould, in the Vigilant and is now the sole owner of the cup defender of 1893.

Harlan and the First Roman Citizen.

Otto Harlan, for whom Charles Hoyt wrote the principal character of Hot Stuff in "A Black Sheep," once essayed legitimate comedy. It was at Savannah, and "Julius Caesar" was the play. When the stage manager handed him the part of First Roman Citizen, Harlan contemptuously returned it, saying that he had been engaged to play comedy parts. "It is a comedy part," said the stage manager.

"You are supposed to make the part funny." "Oh, I am, am I? All right!" said Harlan, who forthwith began to cudgel his brain, wondering how he could make the First Roman Citizen in "Julius Caesar" a comedy part. He concluded that he would have to introduce some gags, so he consulted Brutus and the leader of the orchestra, and these two worthies agreed to help him.

At night when Harlan made his entrance Brutus demanded in stentorian tones, "What wouldst thou, most noble citizen?"

"A chord in G," responded Harlan, and the accomodating leader struck the chord.

To the horror of the admirers of the Bard of Avon the First Roman Citizen started to sing "The Wild Man From Borneo" and had to respond to seven reures. It is needless to say that Mr. Harlan did not give First Roman Citizen the next night.

DR. SPINNEY & CO.

33 YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE TREATMENT OF NERVOUS, CHRONIC AND SPECI-AL DISEASES OF MEN AND WOMEN.

YOUNG MEN

Troubled with Nervous Irritability, Impaired Vision, Neuralgia, on the

Face, Irritation to Sensitive Organs, Weakness, Kidney

and Bladder Affectio

CHARGES

REASONABLE, especially for the poor.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN

Many are troubled with

the frequent calling of the bladder, causing a

too frequent and smattering sensation and weakening

of the bladder, causing a

general debility and sometimes paroxysms of

great pain, and sometimes paroxysms of

The Boxwell law provides that pupils of the country schools may have their tuition paid to any high school in the county by the township board of education; provided the pupils pass a satisfactory examination in the common branches and physical geography before the county school examiners on the first Saturday of April or the first Saturday of May. No examination fee is charged. Only twenty-three persons were in the April class. Certainly more boys and girls could have taken advantage of the provisions of the law, had they known it.

Massillon housekeepers who think they know a thing or two should read this: "The bill of fare at Edward Atkinson's Aladdin-oven dinner to members of the cabinet embraces spring lamb, fricassee chicken, green peas and other vegetables, besides ham, Boston brown bread and baked beans, and Indian pudding. Mr. Atkinson recently gave a party of friends a seven-course dinner, including coffee and oranges, at a cost of thirteen cents a plate. Perhaps his greatest triumph in the way of cheap cooking was the dinner of four courses he furnished some Harvard students at a cost of five and a quarter cents each. It is a pity saying of Mr. Atkinson that the cigars always cost more than the dinner."

Admiral Belknap, in his report on Japan, says: "The annals of Japan for the past thousand years show as much personal valor, strategic ability and heroic incident as can be found in the history of Great Britain or any other European power during that period. Her statesmen and military and naval men of today are proud descendants of men who were trained to all martial pursuits and in the stern school of constant war, ages before the battle of Hastings was fought. The sword, the living soul of the Samurai, excelling in temper, toughness and elasticity the blades of Damascus and Toledo, was never wielded by deference, stronger or more intrepid hands than those of the centuries' trained military class of Japan."

Here is an accurate table of costs of scoured wools, showing what has been accomplished by legislation:

March 1st, 1895. March 1st, 1893.

Ohio N. N. 35¢ 99¢

Michigan N. 32¢ & 34¢ 62¢

Average Fine Territory 34¢ 58¢

Fine Medium Territory 34¢ 56¢

Medium Territory 34¢ 56¢

Blood Clothing 34¢ 15¢

Taken in connection with the foregoing, this information taken from Bach, Becker & Co.'s April circular is timely:

"The future depends absolutely upon foreign markets. We shall still need American blood wools, the best in the world. We shall still need some strong American Delaine, though Europeans make goods without it which compete successfully with ours. Otherwise American wool depends absolutely upon the fluctuations of the London market."

"The strongest competitors to our fine Territory and Domestic clips are the well-handled South American, Australian and Cape wools, and which, for reason of their being put up free of skirts, bellies, tags and locks, find more favor with our manufacturers even at a higher cost, and therefore it behoves the American wool grower to put up his clips with the very best of care, avoiding the use of sisal binder and other heavy and superfluous twine, or the retention on his fleeces of tags and other unmerchandiseable features."

The New York Sun, reprinting this information, comments as follows:

"Mr. Jamieson's statements and conclusions are alike perfectly simple. The competition of the East has been waked, before its natural hour, perhaps, through the advantages that have been suddenly given to it by the violent rise in the value of the gold money still paid in the West as wages. The growth of oriental industries and the further decay of the already paralyzed manufacturing of the West can only be simultaneously arrested, according to this very clear and patent reasoning, by a square cut in the wages of English and American workmen, which would be accomplished by a change from the use of gold to the use of silver as a standard."

"The silver movement in this country or England has scarcely reached the stage when its advocates are prepared thus boldly to expose its inevitable result, namely, to cut wages in half."

ASIATIC COMPETITION.

Matthew Marshall, the New York financial writer, takes up a subject briefly discussed Saturday in *The Independent*. He thinks that:

"The partial transference of cotton manufacturing from Europe to Asia, which has so alarmed the Manchester manufacturers that they are clamoring for the adoption of the silver standard as a means of arresting its further progress, may also be the beginning of an industrial revolution which, for extent and importance, can be compared only to those caused by the discovery of America and the invention of the steam engine. The abundance and the cheapness of human labor in Asiatic countries has long been proverbial, but they have not, until lately, availed to counterbalance the superior energy and skill of European artisans and the greater productivity of European machinery."

"Within a few years, however, the fall of silver, relatively to gold, has greatly reduced the wage paid in the East in silver, as compared with the wages still paid in Europe in gold, or, to state the fact in another way, wages in Europe have practically risen, while wages in Asia have remained stationary. The Hindu laborer gets no more rupees than he did twenty years ago, the Chinese no more dollars, the Japanese no more yen, but the European laborer gets as many shillings or francs or marks as he did, and even more, so while the goods the Asiatic makes sell at the same nominal price as European goods of a similar character, they actually cost only about half as much. Hence, cotton mills are springing up in India, China and Japan, which are taking the market away from the mills of Europe, and the same stim-

ulus is bringing into activity works for the production of iron and coal."

"Obviously, the way for Europe to meet this competition is either to improve its machinery or to reduce the wages it pays; but the Oriental, now that he has started in the business, can improve his machinery as fast as the European can his, and the only thing left is a reduction of wages. Against the reduction, however, the labor unions of Europe will stand as an immovable barrier so long as the attempt to effect it takes the shape of a reduction in the amount of money paid. If, however, the money itself could be debased by substituting the silver standard for the present gold standard, the wages, though nominally remaining unaltered, would in reality come down to the Asiatic level. It is for this reason that the Manchester cotton spinners are so ardent in their advocacy of what they call bimetallism, but which is really the substitution of the silver for the gold standard."

The Springfield Republican relates this incident:

"A collector of autographs in this city recently wrote to Prof. Dana of Yale, who has just died, for his autograph with a sentiment, and received the following in reply: 'God is a being of infinite power, equal to sustaining and wielding all nature. But not only this: He is a being of active power; actually sustaining and wielding all nature. For power not active is not power; it is = 0'"

BURNED TO THE GROUND.

serious Loss of Mrs. Matthew Wright, North of Town.

The residence of Mrs. Matthew Wright, situated at Forty Corners, about two and one-half miles northwest of this city, was burned to the ground early Sunday morning. The fire was discovered by Peter Barrar and George Myers, who were returning at 1:30 o'clock from a dance. The roof was ablaze and the top story was rapidly being consumed. The young men tried the lower doors and found them all locked. They became alarmed and, bursting one of the doors open, they rushed into the sleeping apartments of Mrs. Wright. There the latter and Sarah Ann Evans, a guest, were found peacefully sleeping, and for the timely arrival of Barrar and Myers they would surely have been roasted to death. No attempt was made to save the Wright property, but with the aid of the neighbors the surrounding buildings were saved. The fire is said to have originated by a spark from a passing engine falling upon the dry roof and igniting it. The house was in close proximity to the Pennsylvania railroad. The place was owned by Jack Boyd, of East Greenville, and was insured for \$500. The damage will amount to over \$1,000.

SUNDAY MORNING FIRE.

Hose company No. 1 was called to the residence of Jacob Hering, corner Hill and East Tremont streets, Sunday morning at 10:05 o'clock. The roof of the house had caught fire in some unknown manner, and the flames had gained considerable headway when the firemen arrived. After a few minutes' hard work the fire was gotten under control. While the firemen were working at the Hering fire, an alarm was turned in from the corner of West Tremont and Muskingum streets, caused by a blaze on the W. & L. E. trestle over the river just south of the Tremont street crossing. Leaving a force at the Hering residence to finish the work, the firemen started for the second fire, but before the fire was reached the flames on the trestle had been extinguished. They then returned to the Hering residence, but the fire was out when they arrived there. The Hering residence was damaged to the extent of about \$25, and is fully covered by insurance. There was no fire in the house at the time, and the origin of the blaze is a mystery.

NORTHERN OHIO CROPS.

For the week ending April 22, the official crop report for northern Ohio is as follows: "The weather has been generally clear and cool during the week, and frost has occurred nearly every night in some of the counties. Vegetation of all kinds has advanced very slowly and warm rains are generally needed. Wheat has remained nearly as it was a week ago, but has improved slowly in some counties; in others it looks spotty, and on some high ground it is thin. Clover, meadows and pastures have not made much growth as yet. Oats are nearly all sown, and in many counties are coming up nicely. Early potatoes are being planted in most of the counties and, except along the lake in the northeast counties, gardens are being made. Planting for corn is progressing rapidly, as the ground is in excellent condition. Fruit buds are sprouting very slowly, and have not been injured by the cold, frosty nights. The prospects for peaches in some counties is slightly improved."

SOMMERSBERG.

Farmers are a very busy set of people just now.

Miss Caroline Tschantz, of this place, was recently married to Mr. David C. Springer, of Berlin, Ind., and they left for that place on Thursday last, accompanied by the best wishes of their many friends here.

The recent death of Joel Hostetter, made it necessary to rent his property for this summer. Fred Badetscher, sr., assisted by his son Fred, will farm the place.

Dr. F. H. H. Pope, of Dalton, will lecture at the Moser school this evening.

The peach crop is totally destroyed; there is yet prospect for some cherries though; apples unharvested.

The Rev. Chr. Schenck, for a long time a minister at the old church, died on Wednesday last. The interment took place on Saturday and a large course of relatives and friends followed him to his last resting place. The funeral services were preached by the Rev. Nussbaum, of this place, and the Rev. David Amstutz, of near Orrville.

If you want a pair of fine boots or shoes, hand made, to order, you can get them at 21 West Main street. Shoes made in all styles, sewed or pegged. Repairing promptly and neatly done. Open from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m.

HERMAN R. HINTZ.

Fine line of spring suits and hats in the city at Oppenheimer's.

DO GHOSTS EXIST?

A Canton minister has preached a sermon vigorously denouncing the belief of many persons in ghosts and similar supernatural manifestations. It is a wise man who dares to affirm or deny in this generation, but perhaps the Rev. Mr. Banslin is a wise man. There are ghosts

and ghosts. The frivolous spectre of

BROWNE LOSES AGAIN.

MESSRS. SEAMAN AND GRAZE ARE DISCHARGED.

The Cerebellum Refuses to Testify—The Court Exercises Clemency and Does Not Fine Him for Contempt—The Defendants Easily Cleared.

Citizen Carl Browne did not leave for Washington Monday night. An urgent engagement with Justice H. B. Sibila, on Tuesday morning, prevented. Mr. Browne went before the Justice Monday afternoon and asked to have the charges filed against Policeman Seaman and Councilman Graze withdrawn.

He said that he would renew the charges at his convenience upon his return. The defendants were not inclined, however, to submit to the imposition of trial at the convenience of the Commonwealth crank, and hence the occasion for this note written to THE INDEPENDENT last night, after the evening edition was out:

"I will not get off tonight. Those pernicious for the defense have raised the point that I cannot dismiss the case without their consent and have subpoenaed me to stay, although I have paid the costs and the justice has received the same, and he stated that he would enter it on the docket that I requested the dismissal. So I have sent for Welty to come over. I will not leave until the 1:45 p.m. train Tuesday."

When Justice Sibila called the case Tuesday morning, neither Browne nor his attorney was present. The former appeared about 10 o'clock and set up the claim that he had dismissed the action. He was compelled to take the stand, but refused to testify. Preferring to deal leniently with the man, Justice Sibila did not fine him for contempt. Councilman Paul, M. C. Carey, Councilman Graze and Policeman Seaman testified. It was shown that D. C. Borton procured eggs at Mr. Graze's store on the night of March 29, but the defendant was very busy and did not know for what purpose they were secured. Beyond this he had no connection with the alleged egg riot. Policeman Seaman had nothing to do with the affair. He simply went about his business, and saw no disturbance. Justice Sibila thereupon discharged the defendants.

SQUIRE OBERLIN DEAD.

The Veteran Justice of Tuscarawas Township.

ASKING FOR A RECEIVER.

A Canton Concern in Trouble—A Child Drowned in the Niushishen.

CANTON, May 23.—An application for the appointment of a receiver of the property of the Canton Novelty Wire Company was filed in court this morning. In this firm Anton W. Walter and Casper J. Falla are partners. The petition was filed at the instance of Anton Walter. He alleges that he lived up to his agreement and worked for the interests of the corporation, but claims that his partner, Mr. Falla, has not. Mr. Falla, it is alleged, never rendered an account of his expenses while on the road, but at times deducted sums, and while traveling Mr. Falla has sold goods for other firms and charged the entire expenses to the Canton Novelty Wire Company. The assets of the company consist of machinery and stock, and \$2,400 of good accounts are due. Mr. Walter further avers that considerable of the firm's money is deposited in the defendant's name and is in danger of being lost, thus allowing the creditors to seize.

A LITTLE BOY DROWNED.

Freddie, the 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Feuille, was drowned in Niushishen creek on Monday evening. The child was playing near the stream when the bank caved in, carrying the baby with it. The Feuilles reside at the south end of Cherry street and near the creek.

THE CYCLONE ESCAPES.

"Cyclone" Sweeney, who was sentenced to the workhouse for ninety days for participating in a prize fight, managed to escape from the guards on Monday evening. Sweeney turned his striped suit wrong side out and thus escaped detection. He has not yet been recaptured.

PROBATE COURT.

A final account has been filed in the estate of Ellis Hazen, of Lexington township.

David Biler, of Marlboro township, has been adjudged insane.

In the estate of J. H. McLain, of Massillon, a supplemental appraisement has been filed. An application to sell the stock of the J. H. McLain Company has also been filed and continued for hearing April 29 at 1 o'clock p.m.

A public sale of real estate has been ordered in the estate of Catharine McCollum, of Waynesburg.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Philip A. Ries and Henrietta A. Mathie, of Canal Fulton, and Roscoe A. Van Nostrand and Allie A. Brumley, of Massillon.

COUNTY HOUSE AND CANTON.

CANTON, April 24.—Hattie Singer, of Canton, has filed a petition for divorce from her husband, Frank Singer.

Wm. J. Mathie began suit today against B. F. and W. H. Shull, Edward Mou, Wm. Wernitz and the Central Savings bank, of Canton. The action was brought about to collect a promissory note given by the Shulls in the sum of \$1,000. The plaintiff claims that Wm. Wernitz has deposited \$1,800 belonging to the Shulls in the Central Savings bank, and \$1,570 of this sum was paid to him by Edward Mou. Mr. Mathie requests the court to enjoin Mr. Wernitz from disposing of or transferring the money, and prays for judgment in the amount of his claim.

"Cyclone" Sweeney, the pugilist who escaped from the workhouse guards on Monday afternoon, is still at large, though strenuous efforts are being made to effect his capture.

The will of Alexander Miller, sr., of North Lawrence, has been filed for probate.

Final accounts have been filed in the estate of Benjamin L. Miller, of Nimishillen township, and in the assignment of James A. Mahaffey, of Canton.

Marriage licenses have been granted to P. H. Carroll and Elizabeth Bamberger, of Massillon; Samuel Goertzen and Mary Classen, of Canton.

FOR SALE—Five acres of good land, the Wm. Everett homestead. Good water and fruit. In Sugar Creek township, near Elton. Will be sold May 15.

DO GHOSTS EXIST?

A Canton minister has preached a sermon vigorously denouncing the belief of many persons in ghosts and similar supernatural manifestations. It is a wise man who dares to affirm or deny in this generation, but perhaps the Rev. Mr. Banslin is a wise man. There are ghosts

THE DAILY DIVORCE CASE.

Court House and County Note—He Objects to a Switch.

CANTON, April 22.—Sarah A. Meyer has applied for a divorce from Amel Meyer. The two were married in Canton in February, 1886. Since that time it is alleged that Mr. Meyer has been guilty of gross neglect and has failed to provide suitable clothing for his wife and child. He is also charged with extreme cruelty. It is set up in the petition that he has struck the plaintiff and has threatened to shoot her. In May, 1884, Mrs. Meyer claims that her husband dealt her a blow in the face that caused blood to flow from her mouth and nose, and in April, 1885, the defendant drew a revolver, threatened to shoot her, and knocked her down. Mr. Meyer is in possession of some property, and Mrs. Meyer desires that he be enjoined from mortgaging or disposing of it. She also wishes the custody of their child and reasonable alimony. Welty & Taylor are the plaintiff's attorneys.

He said that he would renew the charges at his convenience upon his return. The defendants were not inclined, however, to submit to the imposition of trial at the convenience of the Commonwealth crank, and hence the occasion for this note written to THE INDEPENDENT last night, after the evening edition was out:

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THE NEWS OF NEWMAN.

All Sorts of Happenings—Reported From the Hill.

NEWMAN, O., April 24.—Mrs. Thos. H. Currie and Mrs. David Naysmith, of Cauton, visited relatives and friends here on Thursday of last week.

George Williams, our genial assessor,

is going his rounds hunting up dogs and seeing how much you have increased your wealth during the past year.



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THE winter of 189—was memorable on account of many things, but to me it was chiefly remarkable for having given me my young bride. We were spending our honeymoon in the lotus-eating land, and had taken up our quarters at that admirable hotel known as "Men's house," which stands at the foot of the plateau where the great pyramids of Gizeh are so majestically enthroned. It was in truth a halcyon time, to be marked in our memories with the whitest of stones.

One slight drawback there was certainly, but it was a mere crumple in our rose leaf. The Bedouins would never leave us alone. Wherever we went they insisted on accompanying us; it was impossible to get rid of them, but they were withal so polite and good tempered that we could not find it in our hearts to be angry. The only way to avoid the pests was to carry out our wanderings by moonlight. The Arabs believe firmly that "El-Ahram" are haunted, and will not on any account venture near the ruins after nightfall. In this way we had the whole place to ourselves but that, for us, was ample society. We revelled in our freedom, and soon became thoroughly acquainted with the entire plateau from the sphinx on the south to the dilapidated temple on the north-ern verge.

One lovely night before the moon was quite full, my wife proposed a visit to the interior of the great pyramid; and having procured candles we clambered up the well-worn track leading to the entrance, and speedily made our way down the sloping shaft to the central chamber. Outside the air was slightly chilly, and the warmth of the great tomb was very agreeable, in spite of the closeness of the air. Sitting ourselves down on the edge of the lifeless sarcophagi, we began one of those conversations so dear to young lovers, during which the hours glide away like minutes, or rather when all sense of time is lost.

Our candles were burning brightly and steadily beside us, when suddenly—without the slightest warning—a gust of wind descended from above, and in the twinkling of an eye we were in darkness. The expected transition was startling to a degree. My wife clung to me convulsively, trembling in every limb, and I freely confess I too was not free from that sign of discomposure. Hurriedly I examined all my pockets, one after the other, in a vain search for my matchbox. It was not to be found! I must have dropped it somewhere en route.

This was terrible; and I was still carefully examining every receptacle I possessed, when a dull, grinding noise made itself audible through the obscurity. There is something dreadful in a noise that one cannot account for, no matter when or where one hears it. Out in the open a mysterious sound is bad enough, but situated as

we were, inside a narrow, confined space amidst total darkness, it was simply appalling!

Shrinking toward each other we listened intently, not knowing what to do, for the noise, however caused, seemed to come from a direction between where we were and the door of the chamber. At last it ceased, and although half dead with a mixture of awe and terror we were obliged to muster up enough courage to try to find our way out. Gradually we crept along hand in hand, feeling the smooth surface of the wall with our disengaged hands as we went. The chamber is not spacious, but our progress was necessarily very slow, and after what appeared to be an interminable time, I actually stumbled up against an obstacle.

What could it be? Stooping, I tried to make out by sense of touch what it was that impeded our progress. At very slight investigation satisfied me. There could be no doubt that this barrier in our way was the sarcophagus. We must have made the entire circuit of the chamber without finding the door!

Concluding we had missed the entrance through some stupid mistake or other we set out afresh, trudging with the utmost care every inch of the polished wall. Again the distance seemed interminable, and again we accomplished the round of the accursed place, and found ourselves back at the original starting point.

It was a most astounding thing. Either the door had vanished or we were losing our senses. The silence

had been unable to find the entrance was plain. The cyclopean mass of stone forming the lintel of the doorway had descended bodily, thus completely blocking up the passage, which it fitted with mathematical accuracy. It was from the gap thereby created on a higher level that the light was shining, the lower edge of the new aperture being about eight or nine feet above the floor of the chamber.

The opening disclosed in this wonderful manner was the commencement of a tunnel, or shaft, extending at an acute angle upwards into the body of the pyramid. It was rectangular in form, and in other respects bore a general resemblance to the passage by which we had entered, save that it seemed to be loftier.

The question now was—should we attempt to escape along this new road; or should we wait where we were, and trust to the return of the lintel to its proper place?

The light now began to fade away in the same gradual manner it had arisen, and it became painfully evident that we should be again plunged in darkness. Any fate would be preferable to the frightful sensation of being hermetically shut in amidst an intense and stifling blackness to which the darkest night outside would be the bright clearness of noon.

Taking our courage in both hands we resolved to make an attempt to es-



LOST IN ASTONISHMENT, WE GAZED AT EACH OTHER.

cape. I seized hold of Annette round the waist, and swung her up until she was able to scramble on to the ledge of the opening. With her assistance I had then no difficulty in climbing up myself, and as we were both pretty active we contrived to establish ourselves in the mouth of the gallery down which the pale green light was now but faintly streaming.

The sloping floor was so smooth and steep that we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees in order to make any progress. In this way we clambered along for fully fifty yards, with much labor and weariness; slipping back every now and again, and more than once narrowly escaping a glissade into the hateful chamber. It was a fearful task but at length we reached the top, and found that the gallery debouched at a spacious hall where everything was brilliantly illuminated in a most peculiar manner by means of appliances which for want of better term must be called reflectors.

The whole of the upper part, or ceiling, of this marvelous room presented a most extraordinary appearance, being honeycombed—so to speak—by a vast array of hollow cones, each cone ending in a small aperture, or skylight, through which the beams of the moon, or the rays of the stars, were shining with a hundredfold their normal power. The apices of these cones must have consisted of some magnifying material, and the sides were lined with a kind of material that multiplied to an enormous extent their power of transmitting light. The entire series was so skillfully arranged that the combined pencils impinged on one spot, where there was a most singular and complicated apparatus for their reception.

In front of the mouth of the gallery stood a manifold frame, almost completely filling the opening, which, however, was scooped out on one side, thus enabling us, breathless as we were from our climb, to creep through. This frame was in truth an extraordinary structure. It was fitted with an infinite multitude of lenses and other transparent appliances, the like of which I had never seen before. I very much regret that I cannot give a better and more detailed description of this piece of work, which to my mind affords conclusive proof that the ancient Egyptians were the possessors of a long since vanished lore. The reader will shortly be able to see why it is that any account of these marvels is so vague.

Whilst I was in the act of making my way past this frame the never-to-be-forgotten grinding sound again met my ears, coming from below in the direction of the chamber we had just quitted. I at once turned and looked down, but could see nothing. The track we so painfully had traversed was now as dark as Erebus. It was manifest that our retreat was cut off; the ponderous lintel had risen to its original position.

Had we waited patiently in the chamber it would no doubt have been possible to make our way out in the usual manner, but it was too late to think of that now. There was no course open but to go on, so I said nothing about our terrible mistake to my wife, who had not noticed the noise, being in front and absorbed by the spectacle before her.

As regards the modus operandi of the wondrous mechanism by means of which the passage was opened and closed, I can only offer my opinion, arrived at after much subsequent reflection on the subject. In some incomprehensible way the moon's rays, intensified or otherwise affected by the lenses, are able to act on some hidden machinery—probably hydraulic—to such an extent that the huge block of stone is wont to fall and rise periodically at certain seasons, dependent on the lunar phases. Of course this is mere surmise, but it seems to be the simplest way of accounting for the

phenomena we witnessed. I am thoroughly convinced in my own mind that it was the lens-frame that governed the movement of the gigantic operculum, and I deeply regret that while we were crawling up the gallery I did not observe the construction of the walls more attentively, especially at the lower end, and also along the whole extent.

I said just now that my wife was entranced at the spectacle that met her view on emerging from behind the lens-frame. It was indeed no wonder that this should be so; and when I followed her, after a few moments, I, too, was equally stricken with amazement. A vast, lofty hall, decorated in a style, and with a degree of richness surpassing anything either of us had ever seen, appeared before us; everything it contained being clearly visible in the brilliant yet soft-toned light. It was octagonal in shape, with curtained recesses in one of the sides; the other seven being thickly covered with sculptured figures similar to the temple coverings of upper Egypt, save that the coloring was superb, and as bright as the day it was first laid on. Interspersed in all directions were glittering trophies composed apparently of jewels and precious stones, while in niches and on pedestals were statues exceeding life size, and either made of solid gold and silver, or else thickly covered with layers of the precious metals. To give an adequate idea of the majestic apartment, and all that it contained, would require a volume; it is impossible to do more than indicate in a fragmentary manner some few special points that a hurried examination enabled us to notice.

Rising to our feet we gazed around in wonder, not unmixed with awe, and then slowly advanced in the direction of the recess, pausing at every stop to contemplate the astonishing objects that were to be seen on all sides. The hall seemed tenantless, but when we had crossed about one-third of the floor the curtains concealing the recess shook as though stirred by some unseen hand (or by a breeze) that was to

smooth. The crinkled effect is obtained by wavy lines of black over the solid color. It is very pleasing and takes any kind of trimming while yet not really needing any. In some cases the ground is changeable, the silk warp being of one color and the wool being of another, like brown and green, or gold and purple, with fine black lines over all. Bronze effects are obtained with old gold and olive green, and over these blue lines or perhaps bright green ones.

Mohair and brilliantine, both plain and figured, have advanced in popular favor until now there is scarcely another material often purchased for ordinary use. It comes in all colors, but I think the black, blues and grays are the best liked. They give the best effects. I admired one dress of dark gray. The skirt was lifted on the left side over blue taffeta, which was overlaid with black lace in heavy pattern. With this there was an ivory white cloth cape, quite short and not overfull, but stiffened so that it stood out sharply. Over this were laid slashes of perforated crepon in the same shade, and under these the crepon was taffeta of the same shade as that in the underskirt.

Another spring costume attracted my attention. The dress was of moire crepon in a rich dark indigo. The waist was of dark blue taffeta, with fine lines of red and yellow forming a large plaid pattern. Over this was a double cape of corded blue silk. The upper portion was out very full and plaited to a flat yoke, and on each plait was a close but rich pattern wrought of jet and iridescent blue spangles. The same garniture encircled the bottom. The front was neatly plaited, and there was more of the trimming there and on the yoke.

Some of the prettiest waists shown this week are made of the new soft percale. Percale, as we have always seen it, is rather harsh and stiff to the touch, but now it is produced as soft and delicate as the sea island cottons or the zephyr ginghams. A waist of this was gathered very full to a draped belt of the same. There was a shirred yoke collar, with a ruffle of the percale embroidered. The sleeves ended in deep ruffles of the same embroidery. The colors were a frosty blue with minute white dots.

There was a rich algerine striped silk waist, which was very rich and dressy. The waist was laid in broken folds and held in by a self belt. The sleeves had large draped puffs, with the fore part made quite plain. There was a deep pointed yoke of ecru lace, and around the neck were sewed on the band two rows of cream wax pearl

beads. A few of these blouse waists have high neckbands covered with some soft material draped on, and just under the chin two points of dark velvet turn down like the points of a man's collar.

Among the fancies I notice embroidered evening gloves. They are the long monoscutaire or 20 buttons, and along the upper portion are embroidered butterflies and dragon flies, also scintillant beetles. These are done in silks and spangles, and while they are very odd they certainly are not pretty.

Among novelties for the new millinery I saw a several hats trimmed with bunches of green, hazel-nut, and others having two or three unique chestnut burs. On one side of a hat would be a key with a brass check attached to it, upon which is the number corresponding to the number of his safe. This sixpence is given back to him when he gives up the key. In the dormitory, a flight above the rooms are numbered off in the same way.

OLIVE HARPER.

STYLISH NEW GOODS.

HANDSOME FABRICS FOR GOWNS AND WRAPS.

Wools With Crepon Effects—A Beautiful Dress of Dark Gray Described—A Dress of Moire Crepon—Dainty Waists and Novelties In Millinery.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, April 16.—At all roads lead to Rome, so do all the new fabrics lead to gowns or wraps, and all the flowers and grecsome straw arrangements lead to millinery. The materials are so very varied this spring that it will be surely fall before they can be adequately described, and then it will be too late. There is one new stuff that I have never seen before, and as it makes up so very prettily I feel in duty bound to mention it. This is a sort of silk warp wool in several shades, with a crepon effect, and yet the surface is perfectly

THE "MODEL DRESSERY."

A Visit to London's Big Municipal Lodging House.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONDON, April 8.—Yesterday Robert Barr, the editor of *The Idler*, told me of his fragrant wooden pipes in his editorial sanctum, or "shop," as he calls it. He said:

"Kennedy, you ought to go and take it up for the people at home."

In passing I must say that Barr is a fine type of the western American—hearty, big voiced and sinewy and powerful of frame. He is most hospitable and kind to the young American writing fry who drop in on him now and then to confer with him as to the best way of storming the literary fortress of London.

Acting upon his suggestion, I found myself last night at the Model Dressery—a big municipal lodging house capable of accommodating 324 men. It stands off at the back of the Drury Lane theater in a small narrow street, Parker street. Its slang name has been given it by its frequenters. Near by is Covent Garden market, and from this spot, if the wind be in the right direction you may hear the bells of St. Giles when they ring. You are in the parish of St. Giles, one of the oldest parishes of London.

The lodging house is a rather low, prison-looking building with light iron barring across the windows. It was built two years ago by the progressive municipal party here, who evidently intend in giving the hard up Londoner a show. For sixpence a man gets a small room to himself with a clean bed in it, and also has the run and privileges of the establishment for a whole day.

On going in through the door you find yourself in a long, wide hallway. At one end of this to the right is the sitting and reading room; at the other end to the left is the dining and cooking room. Half way up toward the dining room is a grocery shop, presided over by a fair-haired English girl with blue eyes, where the man may buy provisions at the lowest rates going in London.

First I took in the sitting room. It is very big and was well filled with men who were lounging and standing about, reading and writing at the tables or smoking or chatting. Several of them were standing, Englishlike, with their backs before an immense coal fire. Up on the wall over the fire place is a great fresco by Stewart Carmichael representing English working men and women in the act of toiling. The figures in it are life size, and it extends across the whole width of the room. It is a noble, convincing piece of work, full of vigor and imagination, and the artist, a careless whole-souled bohemian, did it for nothing, so that the poor, hard up fellows might have something fine to look upon when they came in feeling weary and sad.

Another spring costume attracted my attention. The dress was of moire crepon in a rich dark indigo. The waist was of dark blue taffeta, with fine lines of red and yellow forming a large plaid pattern. Over this was a double cape of corded blue silk. The upper portion was out very full and plaited to a flat yoke, and on each plait was a close but rich pattern wrought of jet and iridescent blue spangles. The same garniture encircled the bottom. The front was neatly plaited, and there was more of the trimming there and on the yoke.

Some of the prettiest waists shown this week are made of the new soft percale. Percale, as we have always seen it, is rather harsh and stiff to the touch, but now it is produced as soft and delicate as the sea island cottons or the zephyr ginghams. A waist of this was gathered very full to a draped belt of the same. There was a shirred yoke collar, with a ruffle of the percale embroidered. The colors were a frosty blue with minute white dots.

There was a rich algerine striped silk waist, which was very rich and dressy. The waist was laid in broken folds and held in by a self belt. The sleeves had large draped puffs, with the fore part made quite plain. There was a deep pointed yoke of ecru lace, and around the neck were sewed on the band two rows of cream wax pearl beads. A few of these blouse waists have high neckbands covered with some soft material draped on, and just under the chin two points of dark velvet turn down like the points of a man's collar.

Various were the conversations that were going on. A navvy dressed in a fustian jacket and corduroy trousers and wearing a pair of heavy homed shoes was telling another of the difficulty of getting a job in London; a weazened, half-starved looking clerk was saying that he had been out of work for ten weeks; a beggar was describing the ease with which he could get copper; a tall, distinguished looking man, who wore shabby genteel clothes and a soiled top hat, was telling a young looking man of the glories of Patti's matchless singing—how he had heard her in the days long gone, those grand old days that were not to come again. And so it went along. The whole thing saddened me.

From there I went into the dining and cooking room. This room is larger yet than the sitting room, and to me it was much more cheerful. Here the men were not going into histories of their troubles or of their pasts. They were either cooking or eating. The cooking range is the biggest I have ever seen. I should judge its dimensions to be fully 15 feet in length, 3 1/2 feet in height and 3 1/2 feet across. At least 30 men may cook their victuals upon it at once. I was told this by a man who was grilling a haddock upon it, and I am sure he didn't overestimate its cooking capacity.

As you enter the door of the dining room there is a small room off to the left in which 224 food safes are kept. In them the men put what is left over from their meals. They are all numbered off, and for sixpence a man gets a key with a brass check attached to it, upon which is the number corresponding to the number of his safe. This sixpence is given back to him when he gives up the key. In the dormitory, a flight above the rooms are numbered off in the same way.

BART KENNEDY.

OUTDOOR SPRING COSTUMES.

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Among novelties for the new millinery I saw a several hats trimmed with bunches of green, hazel-nut, and others having two or three unique

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Unconquerable Will and Purpose Revealed.

COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

Beginning His Career of Military Glory—Genius of the Great Soldier Displayed—Four Austrian Armies Beaten in Succession. A New Boundary for France.

(Copyright, 1895, by John Clark Ridpath.)

X.—FIRST CAMPAIGN OF ITALY.

Seven days before the marriage of Napoleon he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. His star shone suddenly above the clouds. He tarried with Josephine until the 21st of March, when the honeymoon of the warrior—after twelve brief days of dallying young-husbandhood—broke suddenly; and he set out for the field of glory. His love-letters to Josephine indicate that his nature was deeply stirred by her influence, and that his affection for her was as strong as any other feeling that ever competed with his ambition for the mastery of his life.

To have an independent command of an army, or armies, had long been the prevailing motive with Napoleon. True, many of his current sayings and actions



NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF ARCOLE.

seem inconsistent with the predominant passion. Only a short time before departing on the first Italian campaign he wrote a letter to Bourrienne, then an emigrant at Sens, saying, "Seek out for me a small piece of land in your beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will purchase it as soon as I can get together the money. I wish to retire there; but recollect that I will have nothing to do with national property." Quite insincere and fiftieth! Indeed, General, "a small piece of land" is the last thing in this world that you wish for; and as to your "retiring" there, your retirement is fixed for another place—that far-off island to which you referred in the last clause of your school exercise at Autun.

Your essay was headed "Possessions des Anglais;" you finished thus: "Sainte Helene, petite île." You will find it so!

The military glory of Napoleon properly begins with his first campaign into Italy. The States of that peninsula were about to be made the playthings of great ambitions. Whether the influence of Austria and the coalition should continue predominant from Piedmont to Venice was the question. The existing order in the Italian States and cities favored the Austrian power; but the popular party was in sympathy with Republican France. Bonaparte's mission into Italy was ostensibly for preoccupation and defense; but it meant, out of the nature of things, sharp war and speedy conquest.

Hardly had the campaign in Piedmont begun before the Directory in Paris would send out the veteran Kellerman to be second in command. This might be a compliment to a general-in-chief not yet twenty-seven; but not so to Bonaparte. He at once replied saying that it was indifferent to him (a thing most untrue) whether he should serve in Italy or somewhere else. All he wished—so ran his plaint—was a brief page in history awarded for service to his country. General Kellerman had more experience than he, and knew better how to make war; "but both together we shall make it badly. I will not willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe." How strongly is here revealed the unconquerable will and self-sufficiency and purpose of Bonaparte to be all or nothing!

Let us scan the field. The coalition against France now embraced Austria, Bavaria, Piedmont, Naples, and England. The smaller States of Germany and Italy were also in the league. For the "protection" of Piedmont and indeed of all Italy, an army of about sixty thousand men, thoroughly equipped and supplied, and commanded by General Beauhien, one of the ablest and most experienced in Europe, had been sent into Lombardy. Against this power Napoleon's Army of Italy was set, consisting of only thirty-five thousand new men, miserably destitute, and having enthusiasm for its principal resource. With this he must compete for the mastery of states and kingdoms. But the Army of Italy had for a commander a military genius of so audacious a character as to rank its possessor with the two other prime warriors of human history. He had daring, military invention, the power of combination, the discovery of new expedients, sudden adaptation to unforeseen contingencies, courage, ambition, foresight, subtlety, and indeed every quality fit to make him what he was now about to become—the greatest commander of modern times.

At Montenotto, twenty-six miles west of Genoa, Napoleon fought his first field-battle. He attacked the Austrian division of D'Argenteau, and won a victory. Mark you, he fought with a division of the enemy! This was on the 12th of April, only twenty-two days after his departure from Paris. On the 14th he struck the Austrians and Sardinians at Millesimo, ten miles further on, and won another victory. On the next day he came on the enemy at Dego, and added a third. On the 21st, he reached Mondovi, forty-eight miles from Turin, and on the following day attacked and defeated the division of General Colli. In every engagement his blow was like that of a thunderbolt. The disciplined armies of his opponents broke before him.

The king of Sardinia was already beaten. After Mondovi he made overtures of peace. Without pausing, Napoleon advanced on the main Austrian division under Beaulieu. Him he found strongly posted on the Adda holding the bridge that led into the town of Lodi. Frederic the Redbeard had founded Lodi on the site of the ancient Roman Laus Pompeia. On the 10th of May the Austrians, sixteen thousand strong, were attacked at the bridge of the Adda by six thousand French grenadiers, led by Napoleon and Launay in person. The action was bloody and decisive. The name of Lodi was added to the lengthening column of victories. Two thousand of the French were killed and wounded, and a much larger number of the Austrians. Here Bonaparte, fighting in the ranks, gained his famous title of LITTLE CORPORAL which to the end of human annals will be repeated as his sobriquet.

Five days afterwards the conqueror entered Milan; Lombardy was at his feet. He made levies and requisitions with a freedom only equaled by the audacity of the things accomplished. Naples, Modena and Parma went down before him; and the Pope, becoming peccator, signed an armistice.

Such was the first passage of the war; and the second was like the first. The coalition was not to yield without further battle. Napoleon made Mantua his next objective. Field-marshal Wurmser, of great fame, a veteran of seventy-two, came swiftly out of the Tyrol with a new Austrian army. Before he could reach the scene of action, Mantua was already besieged by Napoleon. The defense held out until Wurmser's army came in on two divisions, and the French were forced to fall back.

The division of his forces proved fatal to the Austrian commander. Woo to the army that was ever divided in front of Bonaparte! At Lonato, on the 3rd of August, he attacked a division of Wurmser and gained a complete victory; General Augereau was the hero of the day. On the 5th and 6th of August a second battle, on nearly the same field, was fought with still more decisive results; Wurmser was buried back, and Mantua again besieged.

The enemy soon returned to the onset.

At Rivered, on the 4th of September, the division of Massena defeated the Austrians with great losses.

On the 8th, at Bassano, Napoleon routed the main force under Wurmser in person. On the 15th of November was fought the great battle of Arcole where eighteen thousand French, led by Napoleon, Massena and Augereau, triumphed over the Austrians nearly forty thousand strong.

The battle was fought in a swampy re-

gion traversed with causeways and difficult bridges. After three days of desperate fighting Wurmser was so disastrously defeated as to end the contest.

After Arcole, Wurmser threw himself into Mantua, and was cooped up. In January, 1797, Austria sent her third army into the field under General Alvinczy. This great force proceeded towards Mantua as far as Rivali, where it was struck by Bonaparte and routed with a loss of about twenty thousand men!

At Fornaci, on the 16th, the French were again victorious.

The ruin of Alvinczy's army was complete, and

on February 2nd Mantua was surrendered with eighteen thousand prisoners.

Swiftly Napoleon followed up these

tremendous successes. A fourth Aus-

trian army, under Archduke Charles, came down from the Tyrol as far as

Tagliamento, where on the 16th of March, it was routed by the French.

On the 7th of April, an armistice was

granted by Napoleon, and on the 18th

he made with Austria his provisional

treaty of Leoben.

Meanwhile, another coup d'état had

occurred in Paris. By violence the two

great Councils of State purged them-

selves of fifty alleged Royalists and An-

archists. Carnot and Barthélémy, mem-

bers of the Directory, were sent flying

into exile. Such was the savage indig-

nation of the Republic that the coalition

became willing for peace. At Campo-

Formio, on October 17th, 1797, Napo-

leon met the representatives of the Ger-

man Empire, and with astonishing pre-

sumption dictated to that ancient power

the terms of pacification. Openly, Austria

should cede the Belgian provinces,

recognize the Cisalpine Republic, and

accept fragments of Venetia. France

should have the results of the war, in-

cluding the Ionian Islands. Secretly,

the Rhine should henceforth be the

boundary between Germany and France.

Before leaving the scenes of his glory

Napoleon sent Joubert as his herald to

Paris. He shall announce for us the fol-

lowing results: The campaign of the

Army of Italy has extended from April

12th, 1796, to October 17th, 1797. We

have taken 150,000 prisoners; 170 stand-

ards; 550 stage pieces; 600 field guns;

five poutoon equipages; nine ships of 64

guns; twelve frigates of 32 guns; twelve

corvettes; eighteen galleys. We have

given "liberty" (whatever that may

mean, General!) to Bologna, Ferrara,

Modena, Carrara, Romagna, Lombardy,

Brescia, Bergamo, Mantua, Cremona,

part of Verona, Chiavenna, Bormio, the

Valtelline, Genoa, the Imperial Fiefs,

Corsica, the Ionian Isles, Ithica. We

send to Paris all the Masterpieces of

Michael Angelo, Guercino, Titian, Paul

Veronese, Correggio, Albano, Carracci,

Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci. Not all

the masterpieces of these immortals,

General; but the rest is true to the let-

ter. And by order of the Directory your

glories shall be written in golden cata-

logue on a Memorial Flag to be hung in

the great Hall of Sittings, and be seen

by shouting Paris and the world. You

were never yourself a poor man after-

wards!

gion traversed with causeways and difficult bridges. After three days of desperate fighting Wurmser was so disastrously defeated as to end the contest.

After Arcole, Wurmser threw himself into Mantua, and was cooped up. In January, 1797, Austria sent her third army into the field under General Alvinczy. This great force proceeded towards Mantua as far as Rivali, where it was struck by Bonaparte and routed with a loss of about twenty thousand men!

At Fornaci, on the 16th, the French were again victorious.

The ruin of Alvinczy's army was complete, and

on February 2nd Mantua was surrendered with eighteen thousand prisoners.

Swiftly Napoleon followed up these

tremendous successes. A fourth Aus-

trian army, under Archduke Charles, came down from the Tyrol as far as

Tagliamento, where on the 16th of March, it was routed by the French.

On the 7th of April, an armistice was

granted by Napoleon, and on the 18th

he made with Austria his provisional

treaty of Leoben.

Meanwhile, another coup d'état had

occurred in Paris. By violence the two

great Councils of State purged them-

selves of fifty alleged Royalists and An-

archists. Carnot and Barthélémy, mem-

bers of the Directory, were sent flying

into exile. Such was the savage indig-

nation of the Republic that the coalition

became willing for peace. At Campo-

Formio, on October 17th, 1797, Napo-

leon met the representatives of the Ger-

man Empire, and with astonishing pre-

sumption dictated to that ancient power

the terms of pacification. Openly, Austria

should cede the Belgian provinces,

recognize the Cisalpine Republic, and

accept fragments of Venetia. France

should have the results of the war, in-

cluding the Ionian Islands. Secretly,

the Rhine should henceforth be the

boundary between Germany and France.

Before leaving the scenes of his glory

Napoleon sent Joubert as his herald to

Paris. He shall announce for us the fol-

lowing results: The campaign of the

Army of Italy has extended from April

12th, 1796, to October 17th, 1797. We

have taken 150,000 prisoners; 170 stand-

ards; 550 stage pieces; 600 field guns;

five poutoon equipages; nine ships of 64

guns; twelve frigates of 32 guns; twelve

corvettes; eighteen galleys. We have

given "liberty" (whatever that may

mean, General!) to Bologna, Ferrara,

Modena, Carrara, Romagna, Lombardy,

Brescia, Bergamo, Mantua, Cremona,

part of Verona, Chiavenna, Bormio, the

Valtelline, Genoa, the Imperial Fiefs,

Corsica, the Ionian Isles, Ithica. We

send to Paris all the Masterpieces of

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LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this week by Independent Investigators.

Mr. Ira D. Baker, of Dayton, is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Iler, north of the city for a few days.

George R. Gibson, of the W. & L. E. at Massillon, is here, fishing and sitting in the grand stand at Denny Long's ball park.—Toledo Blade.

The Cleveland Central Labor Union has invited Carl Browne to deliver the address at a demonstration to be held May Day, on the 19th.

Louis Pfeil has resigned his position with the Western Union Telegraph Company and has taken a more lucrative position at the bridge works.

Friday night the Arion quartette will sing at the Presbyterian chapel. The price of tickets has been fixed at 25 cents for adults and 15 cents for children.

The marriage of Philip A. Rice to Miss Nettie Mathie, of Crystal Spring, took place at Mudbrook church Tuesday afternoon. A wedding reception took place at Crystal Spring in the evening.

Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling bonds were quoted at 105 1/4 on the New York stock exchange last week. W. & L. E. common stock was sold at 18, and preferred stock at 43 1/2.

Ashtabula people complain that they receive large catches of fish every day through their hydrants. Instead of making a good square meal out of them they refuse to pay water rents.

Mrs. Sarah Rhodes, the mother of Mrs. V. S. Russell, died in Bradford, England, on April 5th. She was in her 70th year. The last mail from England has brought to Massillon the sad details of Mrs. Rhodes's illness.

Ripple Brothers desire to correct the impression that the Thayer Sand Company has purchased their entire property. They say that they have retained their quarry business, the latter engaging in the sand business.

L. D. Watters, attorney for the Akron saloonkeepers, recently arrested for violating the Sunday closing law, says he will attack the law in the supreme court if necessary. He declares it is in conflict with the constitution of the United States.

The Rev. L. H. Barry, of St. Paul's church has been invited to deliver an address in English to the graduating class of the Capital University, at Columbus, on June 19th. The Rev. H. Dannecker, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., will deliver the address in German.

Wadsworth is feeling elevated in mind because a company has been incorporated to construct, own and operate electric railways between Wadsworth and Cleveland, Akron or Barberton, and for the purpose of transporting passengers, freight, express, mail and baggage.

A suit for \$10,000 damages was brought against Miss May Willard, a teacher in the public schools at Dayton. The complainants are the parents of Charles Schoonover, a lad aged 13 years, who was whipped by the teacher, and it is alleged that he was permanently injured.

Mrs. Charles E. Jarvis gave a small evening company Tuesday night, among the guests being Mrs. Edward Steese, Miss Steese and Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Clark, of Boston; Mrs. Lee, of Cleveland; Miss Millard, of Halifax, Pa., and Miss Loud, of New York.

Fred Sauer, of Zanesville, went to Germany some time ago and was arrested, imprisoned and fined for having left Germany without performing his military duty. On returning home he filed his complaint with the authorities and has just received notice that the German government will refund the fine and costs.

A sad story comes from Norta Lima. Three years ago William Glenn was a prosperous farmer. Since that time he has lost his wife, four daughters and a son by death, and his property was destroyed by fire. He is now at a hospital, ill with consumption, and the two children left will probably have to be cared for by some charitable institution.

Stark county Prohibitionists have elected officers as follows: Chairman, E. H. Brosius; secretary, John Stamp; treasurer, L. B. Logan, all of Alliance. Members of the executive committee: John Danner and J. J. Ashenhurst, of Canton. Among the delegates to the state convention are J. K. Russell, and among the alternates, E. P. Wise, of Massillon.

Mrs. Thomas Reese, of East Greenville, left this afternoon for New York, where she will take a boat for Liverpool, England. Mrs. Reese has just received notice of the death of her father, and that an inheritance of about \$1,200 had been left to her. From Liverpool she will go to Rhymey, Wales, where her father resided at the time of his death.

John C. Murphy, aged 26, formerly a machinist employed by Russell & Co., died on Sunday evening at the Stark county infirmary. He is supposed to have a wife in Pittsburgh, and parents in St. Louis. Superintendent Gerwig is unable to obtain the addresses of any of his relatives, and if any one can furnish him with any accurate information, request is made that it be sent to the infirmary at once.

Construction work upon the buildings of the Massillon hospital for the insane has been resumed, and a force of seventy-five men is now at work. Bricklayers are at work on the work shop and cold storage buildings, and the frame for the dining hall is being raised. Work upon the body of this structure, which will also be built of brick, will be commenced next week. The contractors feel that the weather is now settled, and hope to continue with their plans without interruption.

Michael Shannon, of North Lawrence, sub-district president of the Mine Drivers' Union, is in the city today, on business. Mr. Shannon states that the organization is still in existence and although they attract but little attention and the public seldom hears from them, their mode of operation is just as effective as if they made a great bluster about it. Mr. Shannon says that the mines about North Lawrence are working steadily and that the village is once again the hustling little place of yore.

Mr. P. H. Carroll and Miss Elizabeth Bamberger were united in marriage at

THE LINE TO NAVARRE.

Action Taken to Bring About Its Construction.

THE NAVARRE COUNCIL ASKS IT.

Mayor Schott Presents Police Nominations for the Year—Jerry Kitchen Dropped and Godfrey Mater Substituted—Mr. Huber's Financial Statement.

All members were present at the Tuesday night meeting of the city council. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, and before being approved Mr. Graze withdrew his resolution to establish a grade on North Erie street, from Plum to Cherry, and inserted another, authorizing the engineer to report a grade on North East street, between Chestnut and Cherry streets.

The report of Street Commissioner Black, for two weeks ending April 23, amounting to \$112.30, was read and an order was drawn for the amount, on Mr. Paul's motion.

Mayor Schott presented the names of the following persons for membership on the police force for the term commencing May 1: Jacob Truitt, T. H. Seaman, Turin Getz, Peter Hollander, Edward Ertle, Thomas McGuire and Godfrey Maier. The report was referred to the committee on prison and police, on Mr. Paul's motion.

Mr. Kramer, of the paving and grading committee, instructed to investigate in regard to re-establishing grade on North East street, reported in favor of establishing grades on East and Second streets. The report was accepted on Mr. Hering's motion.

The committee to which the communication presented by the Trades and Labor Assembly, requesting the council to have its printing done by union offices, was referred, reported as follows:

"In our opinion it would seem unjust to refuse any printing office in the city the right to do city printing simply because they are non-union." This report was accepted on Mr. Hering's motion.

A resolution by Mr. Reay authorizing the solicitor to notify the C. L. & W. railway company to remove their oil house, located at the intersection of Summit street and Washington avenue, to a point outside the city, was referred to the judiciary committee and the solicitor for one week on Mr. Paul's motion.

On Mr. Hering's motion the engineer was instructed to establish a grade on Green street under the supervision of the paving and grading and street and alley committees. The residents in Green street desire the city to construct a storm water sewer. At times the street is made almost impassable by standing water.

Mr. Paul's resolution, instructing the engineer to estimate the cost of grading Third street, from Main to William streets, was referred to the paving and grading committee, on Mr. Hering's motion.

A resolution by Mr. Smith, authorizing the clerk to notify George List and James R. Dunn to lay flag walks in front of their East Tremont street property, was referred to the paving and grading committee, on Mr. Paul's motion.

A communication from the Farmers Telephone Company stated that that corporation was now prepared to place eight telephones, as provided for in the ordinance, at the disposal of the city officials. Mr. Hering's motion to refer the instruments to President Reed for distribution was carried. Messrs. Reed and Paul voting no. Mr. Paul objected to accepting the telephones, claiming that the company had not a legal franchise.

Mr. Reay's motion, notifying property owners in North Mill street, who have not already done so, to lay curb and gutter at once, was carried.

AGAIN THE TOWN CLOCK.

At the suggestion of President Reed the town clock question came up. Mr. Reed stated that the clock should be placed as soon as possible as the First M. E. church was to be dedicated soon. Mr. Hering's motion instructing the ways and means committee to devise some means of getting a clock was lost.

Messrs. Graze, Paul, Smith and Huber voted no. No funds the cause.

On Mr. Huber's motion the clerk was instructed to purchase a new journal, ledger and assessment book for himself and books for the city treasurer.

Mr. Graze stated that the sanitary officer reported the house owned by the city in Charles street near the engine house in bad condition. This was referred to the fire committee.

MR. HUBER'S FIGURES.

Mr. Huber presented the following estimate of the cost of operating the city:

BONDS AND NOTES DUE AS FOLLOWS:

May 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, West Main street, No. 8.

May 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, West Main street, No. 8.

May 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, June 30, '94, \$500 due Gamewell fire alarm.

Sept. 15, '94, \$500 due C. Steese, Engine-house.

Oct. 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, refunding bonds No. 83.

Oct. 1, '94, \$1,000 due Union National Bank, refunding bonds No. 14.

Nov. 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, West Main street, No. 8.

Nov. 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, Prospect street, No. 4.

Dec. 30, '94, \$500 due Gamewell fire alarm.

Jan. 1, '95, \$500 due C. Steese, Engine-house.

April 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, refunding bonds No. 83.

April 1, '94, \$1,000 due Union National Bank No. 15.

April 1, '94, \$1,000 due Merchants National Bank, No. 15.

April 1, '94, \$1,000 due W. E. Russell, note.

May 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, West Main street.

May 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, West Main street.

May 1, '94, \$1,000 due C. Steese, Prospect street.

May 2, '94, \$500 due C. Steese, June 30, '94, \$500 due C. Steese.

July 24, '94, \$500 due C. Steese, Total \$20,000 in notes past due.

FIXED EXPENSES

Electric lights, \$150.00

Gas, \$100.00 per yr. \$5,600.00

Hydrants at \$20 per yr. 1,500.00

Salaries—Mayor, \$800.00

Board of Health, \$100.00

Fire Department, \$5,950.49 and salaries \$1,200.00

Police Department, \$1,000.00

Post office, \$1,000.00

Postmaster, \$1,000.00

Postage, \$

LIFE OF A LOBSTER.

HOW THE POOR FELLOW STRUGGLES IN CHANGING HIS COAT.

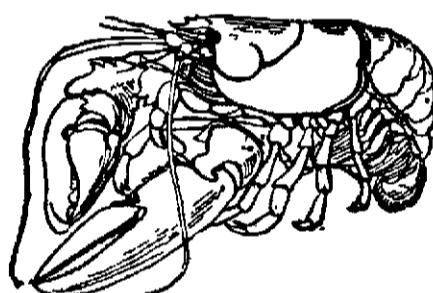
Use of His Tentacles, Tail and Claws. He Sometimes Loses a Claw in a Fight, but Doesn't Mind It Much—Peachant For Fresh Food.

[Special Correspondence.]

BANGOR, April 16.—So little is known about the lobster and so very erroneous are the popular ideas as to its food, mode of life, etc., that I think a story of the life of a lobster as it is lived on the coast of Maine, the greatest lobster ground in the United States, perhaps in the world, should be interesting as well as valuable to all lovers of this toothsome crustacean. When the eggs are extruded from the female, between the months of April and September, they are already fertilized by the male. They are covered with a viscous secretion which causes them to stick together, and also to the long, fine hair, or swimmerets, of the abdomen. The number of eggs varies from 1,000 to 20,000, and after they are a few days old the skin of the egg changes, and the young lobster is able to swim.

They are now a prey for many kinds of fishes and do not even hesitate to devour each other. But the carapace, or shell, soon begins to form, and after a very little time the young crustacean finds his way to his natural home at the bottom of some shelving rock. The shell is formed in a very curious manner. It consists of a mucous exudation from the body of the lobster itself and contains a large proportion of calcareous or limy matter. This shell is so inelastic that when the animal grows its covering becomes too small, and the process of exuviation, or shedding the shell, takes place generally once a year, until the animal is full grown, after which it does not exuviate, so that we sometimes find old lobsters whose shells are covered all over with barnacles.

This process of exchanging the shell is accomplished with great pain and difficulty to the lobster, as the increased limbs have to be drawn from the now too small shells of the claws, legs, etc. When the exuviation begins, the shell of the body of the animal splits down the back to the tail, and the semiliquid flesh is withdrawn from the shell. Then the lobster drags itself for-



A LOBSTER.
ward feebly, leaving the shell of the

tell behind. However, so quickly does the process of exuviation go on that the new shell is perfectly formed in a few days, and the lobster leaves his temporary retreat.

The manner in which lobsters move is very ingenious. The legs proper are the only limbs that are used. The tail, claws, etc., are kept motionless and in such a position as to offer the least possible resistance to the water. During this progress the long tentacles are continually moving from side to side, feeling the way and incidentally looking out for enemies or danger. Should danger be apprehended the lobster at once backs with marvelous rapidity, in which operation the tail is used in cases of extreme urgency.

Although everybody who has seen a lobster must have noticed that one claw is larger than the other, few persons know the reason for this disparity of size or the real use of the claws. Their chief use is for the purpose of capturing and preparing food, but they are also used as instruments of attack and defense.

It has been commonly believed that their food consists of decaying or decomposing bodies of fishes and other animals, but this is entirely erroneous.

As a matter of fact, the lobster is very careful in the selection of his food, and unless his usual food is scarce or entirely absent from his locality he never eats anything that is not perfectly sound. The natural food consists of clams, mussels, small oysters and the smaller kinds of shellfish, usually bivalves.

The larger claw takes the place of the molars in the higher animals. With this the lobster grasps the bivalve and crushes it, and then the smaller claw, which is thickly set with incisors, is used for dividing the softer portions of the prey and preparing the food. While the process of crushing the shells and preparing the flesh of the bivalves is going on the little barns on the end of the tail and also those on the thorax show their usefulness by holding the prey or food while the claws are doing the slaughtering and butchering work.

Connected with this use of the claws and also with reference to their utility in defense and attack, it is highly interesting to observe the remarkable faculty for repairing injuries which is possessed by the lobster. For instance, when a claw is injured, while crushing shells or during a fight, the limb at once snaps off at the second joint, where the diameter is least, and the animal does not seem to suffer the slightest inconvenience from the loss. The limb fills out at the next exuviation, but in the case of a full grown lobster the loss is never supplied.

Lobsters are endowed with a very well developed sense of smell, and for this reason they avoid as much as possible those parts of the bottom where decomposing animal matter lies; unless it becomes necessary, through lack of their natural food, to have recourse to that unsavory diet. This sense also enables them to discover the proximity of many of their enemies. ROB. F. WALSH.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

METHODS OF SEEDING.

The Comparative Merits of Broadcasting Versus Seeding With a Drill.

There is a strong suspicion among many practical farmers that the advantages of the grain drill for seeding have been overestimated. American Cultivator believes that the drill simply as a seeder has not the superiority over broadcast seeding that it had when first introduced, and for these reasons: The ground is now, with better implements for cultivation, in much finer tilth than was formerly the custom to put it. If the ground is poorly prepared, the drill can do the work better than is possible by hand sowing. It will cover the seed and more evenly than it can be covered in any other way. It also has the advantage for winter grain that the seed was deposited in a hollow, with the drill ridge on either side helping to hold the snow over the plant.

Danger of covering seed too deeply is not appreciated as it should be. Drills ought to have even wider tines than are now common, for in going over well fitted seed beds they will sink down too deeply. Rolling with a heavy roller will, to some extent, remedy this evil.

For winter grain the roller should be used twice or more, alternating with the drag and finishing with the smoothing harrow. On ground thus prepared the drill wheels, if broad tired, will not sink in deeply, and the tubes may be set to put the seed in at very shallow depth.

This is also good for spring grain, which is nearly always drilled too deeply. It is indispensable with grain that has to pass through winter and spring with the sudden alternations of freezing and thawing lifting the soil up at night and letting it fall when thawed out during the day. Unless the grain roots are horizontal and near the surface they cannot live through such usage. To have the grain roots thus the seed must be covered as lightly as possible for it to grow, says the authority quoted.

The case is cited of a highly successful farmer who discards the drill for oats, but uses it for barley and winter wheat, as with these he considers a dressing of phosphate essential to making a certain crop. The fertilizer is best put in with the seed by a drill. On broadcasted grain the mineral manure does little good. The drill will doubtless have the preference for those who wish to fertilize the crop at the same time the seed is sown. But if no fertilizer is used, and the ground is put in proper condition, the seed can be broadcasted with about as much certainty of a crop as if it were put in with a drill.

Feeding Broilers.

Corn alone will not make a good chicken—it is most valuable for its fattening and warming qualities. Wheat

contains the material for bone, feathers, etc., oats for muscle. So we feed corn two parts, wheat one part, oats one part, and we have a fast growing chicken. Feed either of these grains alone and we have all kinds of monstrosities—weak legged, sore eyed, no feathers and every conceivable deformity. Add to these grains a quantity of meat to take the place of insects, which form a part of their natural food. See that they have plenty of sand or gravel. They have no teeth and must have this gravel to grind the feed in the gizzard. Give oyster or clam shell ground or powdered charcoal—it prevents the digestive organs from becoming clogged with soured food if they have eaten too much. If all these things are provided for them, the sheds kept clean, occasionally sprinkled with carbolic acid and once a month given a thin coat of whitewash, the chickens should keep in perfect health. But if any signs of roup or other diseases to which they are subject should appear we use a liberal supply of Douglas mixture, which is simply one pound of sulphate of iron (cuppers) and an ounce of sulphuric acid dissolved in a gallon of water. Dose, two or three tablespoonsfuls to each 100 chickens, in their food or drink, for each day until they are better. The foregoing is from a lecture reported in The Farm Journal.

The Bush Lima Bean.

The bush lima bean grew rapidly in favor last year with those who tried it because of its ability to withstand drought, yielding good crops where others failed to be profitable. It is quite as prolific per acre as the large lima because it can be planted much closer, and less expensive to grow because it needs no poles. Thus far it has proved free from rust, which so often reduces the market value of the horticultural and other shell beans, and for family use it is unsurpassed by any, excepting the large lima. Although it looks small, there are not any, if many, varieties that will yield a bushel to a smaller number of hills, or a quart of shelled beans to a smaller basket of pods. In our experience we consider it a decided acquisition, both to the family garden and the market gardener.—American Cultiva-

The Vineless Sweet Potato.

Practical Farmer speaks of a variety of "vineless" sweet potato suitable for growth in the eastern, northern and northwestern states, with short, chunky vines that, planted at about the usual distance apart for ordinary potatoes, 3 1/2 feet of rows and 1 1/2 feet in the row, yield 150 to 200 bushels per acre and would bear putting much closer and seem to be hardy enough for the northern states. A few years ago it was thought that a sweet potato grown north of the Carolinas was not good. Yet now, according to the authority quoted, the Jersey sweet potato takes quoted, the Jersey sweet potato takes higher rank than those grown farther south

Broilers weigh from 1 1/2 to 2 pounds in weight, and it takes from 12 to 14 weeks to gain that weight. The cross of Plymouth Rock on White Langshan would make good roasting fowls.

We know of no breed that will lay more eggs than the Brown Leghorn, unless the new Campine will reduce their record, but that remains to be seen. A Leghorn pullet is pretty well matured at 6 months of age.

If you have well hardened plants of cabbage and cauliflower and want big returns from the same, put them on new ground that has been well manured.

Experiments With Potatoes.

In a Kansas station bulletin is given a record of experiments conducted three consecutive years to test the relative value for seed of tubers from the first crop and from the second crop. By early planting of early varieties seed potatoes were secured in July sufficiently matured to produce a second crop in the same season. The second crop was light, the tubers often small, but firm and of fine quality. Second crop potatoes kept until planting time, were sound, firm and nearly free from sprouts, while the ordinary crop became badly sprouted and shriveled. In most cases second crop potatoes used as seed gave a larger yield than seed tubers from the first crop, the increase in 1890 and 1891 averaging 48 1/2 per cent. From second crop seed potatoes the growth of tops was larger and the blooms more abundant. Second crop seed, allowed to become sprouted and soft before planting, yielded only 14 per cent more than ordinary seed potatoes.

Flat culture and hill culture gave practically the same yield.

Subsoil Plowing.

You can purchase subsoil plows of any implement dealer. There are also attachments made that may be put on ordinary stirring plows. These generally give very good satisfaction.

As to the time of year to do the work, that depends on the soil and other circumstances the same as in ordinary plowing. A correspondent of Farm, Field and Fireside says that it may be done every year or only once in two or three years as circumstances will permit.

Subsoil plowing is loosening the subsoil without bringing it to the surface. Where the loosened subsoil is laid on the surface, it is called trench plowing. Subsoiling is probably advisable on a larger variety of soils in this country than is trench plowing. On undrained soils it often is worse than useless, unless in rare cases, where there is a thin layer of compact soil above a porous soil. In heavy clay soils the effects are not permanent. In deep, loose soils it may do some good, but not always enough to repay the extra cost.

Gleanings From Farm Poultry.

Leg weakness is a condition which chicks can easily be brought to both by too strong bottom heat in the brooders and by too much meat.

Broilers weigh from 1 1/2 to 2 pounds in weight, and it takes from 12 to 14 weeks to gain that weight. The cross of Plymouth Rock on White Langshan would make good roasting fowls.

We know of no breed that will lay more eggs than the Brown Leghorn, unless the new Campine will reduce their record, but that remains to be seen. A Leghorn pullet is pretty well matured at 6 months of age.

If you have well hardened plants of cabbage and cauliflower and want big returns from the same, put them on new ground that has been well manured.

AYER'S

THE ONLY

Sarsaparilla

ADMITTED

READ RULE XV.

"Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and empirical preparations, whose ingredients are concealed, will not be admitted to the Exposition."

Why was Ayer's Sarsaparilla admitted? Because it is not a patent medicine, not a nostrum, not a secret preparation, not dangerous, not an experiment, and because it is all that a family medicine should be.

At the WORLD'S FAIR Chicago, 1893.

Why not get the Best?

Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Ishu E. Thompson, late of Stark County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated the 9th day of April, 1893.
ROBINSON ROSENTHAL, Administrator

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BOWSER'S NEW BIKE.

HE THINKS A LITTLE EXERCISE ON THE WHEEL WILL DO HIM GOOD.

And While Mrs. Bowser Sits in the Window and Views the Circus He Tries It On—Any One Who Wants a Bicycle Cheap Knows Where to Go.

[Copyright, 1895, by Charles R. Lewis.]

The Bowsters had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a big bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:

"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."

"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser, with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.

"You—you don't mean—"

"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."

"Have you bought a bicycle?"

"We have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bik' for short."

"And you are going to ride it and make a show of it at your age?"

"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing which will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exhilarating exercise. A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me. I am a month."

"And you—you have bought a bicycle?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment.

"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it? What is there to be surprised about?"

"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown up man who needed a guardian you are the one."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"

"Of course I am."

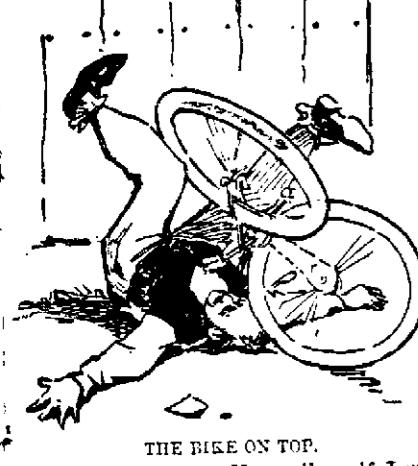
"Then you want to remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon, it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public hasn't found it out yet."

"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."

"Yes, of course. It will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."

"And of course you'll lay it all to me?"

"Lay it all to you! Lay what to you? Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things



THE BIKE ON TOP.

in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of carpings and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."

Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran up stairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy; then he looked anxious; then he appeared doubtful.

"Expect to get a few rumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked up at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get them in time."

"Aren't you going to tie it up to the fence?" she asked.

"For why?"

"So you can get on to it. You'll either have to do that or have some one hold it. Shall I come down with the stepladder?"

"No, ma'am, you needn't come down with the stepladder. I'm just leading the thing around a few times to get my legs limbered up. When I want a stepladder I'll let you know. Here I go!"

He went. He had noticed several different riders mount their bikes and had figured on an easy thing. He made a spring for the saddle and there was wild exultation in his heart as he found himself safely seated. The wild exultation lasted about half a second, or until Mr. Bowser struck the earth with his head and his heels hit the fence and the bike plied on top of him.

"Are you hurt? Are you killed?" called Mrs. Bowser from the window.

"Do you want to tell the whole town that I fell off a bike?" growled Mr. Bowser in reply as he slowly gathered his wits and his legs and his arms and got up and looked at her.

"But you might have broken your neck."

"Bosh! The wheel hit something in the grass. Everybody expects a tumble or two a fall like that wouldn't hurt a baby. Haven't you got anything to do but sit there and watch me?"

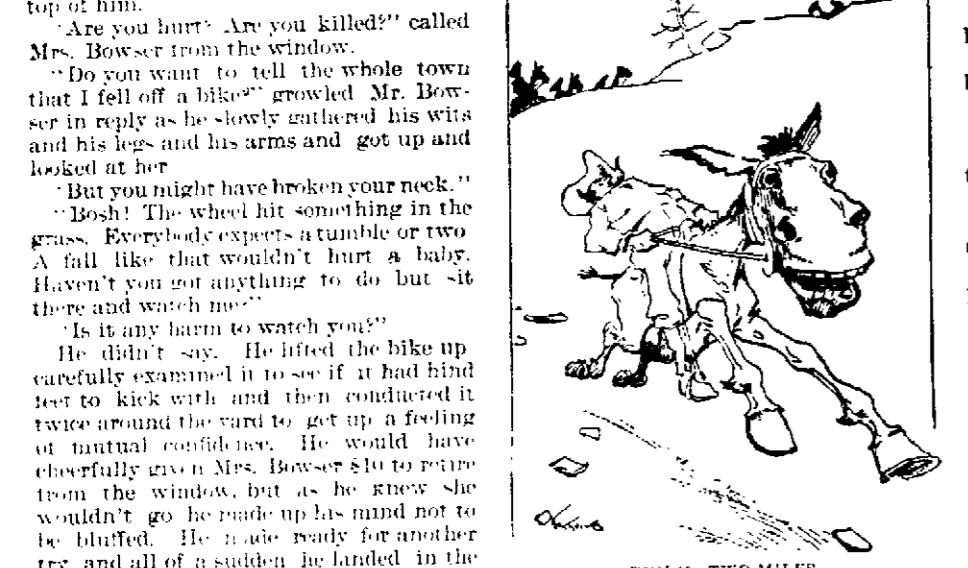
"Is it any harm to watch you?"

He didn't say. He lifted the bike up carefully examined it to see if it had hit hard to kick with and then conducted it twice around the yard to get up a feeling of mutual confidence. He would have cheerfully given Mrs. Bowser a ride to return to the window, but as he knew she wouldn't go he made up his mind not to be bluffed. He made ready for another try, and all of a sudden he landed in the saddle and began to paw around for the pedals.

A smile of joy and pride started to flicker across his face, but before it had time to spread out two inches of surface Mr. Bowser waddled to the east and waddled to the west and went over with a great crash. He realized that the American continent was in the throes of an earthquake, and he yelled "Fire!" and "Police!" before he struck the earth. Then he knew no more for three minutes. When he opened his eyes and sat up and gazed around him, Mrs. Bowser was standing beside him. She had unfastened his collar and untied his legs and sprinkled water on his face.

"This is all my doings, of course!" she said as he finally became aware of her presence. "This is the last straw! Your lawyer will see my lawyer in the morning and arrange about the divorce and alimony!"

"Woman!" began Mr. Bowser as he got up like a cow with two broken legs; but



RUN IN TWO MILES.

tended 12 feet in the rear, and that decorations from Denver will paint several blue and gold angels on the ceiling. The bar will also be extended, and patrons will be allowed to pound on it with their guns to attract the attention of the bartenders. Six different men have been shot in this saloon within the past year, but in no single instance could any blame be attached to the general proprietor. While we were drinking a cocktail in the Empire saloon the other day Mr. Cadena informed us that he had ordered a pool and a billiard table from Chicago, and would have them here within a month. The only billiard table ever set up in this town was shot to pieces within an hour by a crowd which objected to innovations, but that was three years ago, and perhaps Mr. Cadena will be able to carry his enterprise to a success.

In returning from Lone Jack on our running mule the other night at 11 o'clock

Newspaper ARCHIVE®

Mrs. Bowser had disappeared into the basement and there was nobody to talk to.

"FOR SALE—Gentleman having no further use for bicycle of standard make and all the latest improvements will sell the same for one-third of first cost. Warranted as good as the day it came from the shop. Will cure dyspepsia, prevent consumption and make a new man of you in four weeks. Only those who mean business need call. Home after 5 o'clock p.m. Ring basement bell of 72 Blank street and ask for

"BOWSER."

SHE GOT DAMAGES.

She Spoke For Something Big but Gracefully Relented.

Up the street came a young colored woman walking rapidly and shaking her head as if talking to herself, and right in front of the hotel she met a colored man who was "toting" a bag of potatoes on his shoulder. As they met she pushed the bag with such violence that it fell to the ground, and then seizing the astonished man by the arm she exclaimed:

"I was dun lookin fur yo', Moses Saunderson, an now Ize gwine to make yo' heans o' trubblin!"

"What—what's de mattah, Miss Johnson?" he gasped out as he held up his hands and stared at her.

"Ize dun lookin fur yo', Moses Saunderson, an now Ize gwine to make yo' heans o' trubblin!"

"WHAT'S DE MATTAH?"

"Yo' knows what's de mattah, sah, an doan' yo' try to dodge around me! I wants damages!"

"Damages? What fur yo' want damages?"

"Look heah, Moses," she said as she let go of his arm and fastened to his coat collar, "yo' dun co'ted me fur mos' a hull yar."

"Yes, dat's so. Yes, I dun co'ted yo' a long time."

"But yo' hair's o'tin me no mo'?"

"No, Miss Johnson. At de present time I was co'tin Miss Lizzie Davis."

"An' yo' has gone back on me fur Miss Lizzie?"

"Reckon I has; but we needn't hev no fuss 'bout it. Yo' is a powerful nice person, Miss Johnson, an I shall allus hev deepest respect fur yo'."

"But I wants damages!" she persisted.

"Ize bin inqagied to yo' an den frowned over fur another gal. Yo' has got to pay me damages."

"Sartainly, Miss Johnson—sartainly," he calmly replied. "I has bin spectin to meet yo' fur de last two weeks an pay yo' damages. When I frowed yo' over fur Miss Lizzie I known I'd hev to pay damages. Heah's yo' money, an I hope yo' won't cherish no hard feelin's."

He handed her a silver dollar, and after gazing at it for a long minute she heaved a sigh and said:

"De old man said I orter git at least \$10, kase my heart an dun broke right in two, but bein yo' didn't make no fuss 'bout it, an being dat Mistah Perkins has bin co'tin me fur de last month an has axed me to marry him, I'll let yo' off an shake hands an call it squar."

And when they had shaken hands in a most hearty way she started for the nearest candy store and he shouldered his burden and trotted around the corner.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Few Incidents of Interest to the General Public.

HOME HAPPENINGS.—It gives us great pleasure to announce that old Silo Davis, the bear hunter, accidentally shot himself in the foot last week and will be laid up for several weeks and unable to come to town. As a bear hunter old Silo is a great success and deserving of all praise, but as a man he is about the toughest, meanest specimen we ever encountered. He has made us more trouble than all the bad men combined. He never comes to town without shooting eight or ten bullets into THE KICKER office, and on several occasions he has wounded people in the city hall while trying to wing the mayor. We have exonerated, bribed and threatened, but without avail, and it seems like an act of Providence that he has met with an accident which will keep him holed up in his cave and give him time for reflection. We hope and trust that it will be three long months before the pestiferous old critter is able to get out.

Among the improvements contemplated in this town this spring we may mention that the Black Eagle saloon is to be ex-

ecuted.

Lawyer.—Is that your signature on the back of this check?

Merchant.—I don't know, sir. It may be.

"Does it look like your signature?"

"Not a particle."

"Doesn't it bear the least resemblance to your signature?"

"Not the least."

"Then why do you think it may be your signature? Tell me that."

"I might have written it with a bank pen."—New York Weekly.

A Related Beggar.

Bellorini lives near a railway station. One night he was awakened by repeated knocking at the front door. He went to the window and asked who was there.

"Kindly bestow a trifl on a poor man," replied a voice in hokey tones.

"What?" snarled Bellorini, greatly annoyed. "You come asking alms at this hour of the night?"

"Ah, pardon me. I have only just arrived by the express."—Motto per Ridere.

Doubted His Word.

Wife.—What makes you so late tonight, dear?

Husband (with indignation)—I've been arrested.

Wife.—Arrested?

Husband.—Yes, I bought an umbrella today and marked on it, "Stolen from H. Smirk." The first policeman I met arrested me. I told him my name was Smirk, but he wouldn't believe me.—Tribute.

Uncle Allen at the Theater.

"There's always room at the top," of course," said Uncle Allen Sparks, craning his neck, "but I don't think it's the fair thing for this young woman in front of me to try to occupy all of it with her hat."—Chicago Tribune.

RUN IN TWO MILES.

tended 12 feet in the rear, and that decorations from Denver will paint several blue and gold angels on the ceiling. The bar will also be extended, and patrons will be allowed to pound on it with their guns to attract the attention of the bartenders. Six different men have been shot in this saloon within the past year, but in no single instance could any blame be attached to the general proprietor. While we were drinking a cocktail in the Empire saloon the other day Mr. Cadena informed us that he had ordered a pool and a billiard table from Chicago, and would have them here within a month. The only billiard table ever set up in this town was shot to pieces within an hour by a crowd which objected to innovations, but that was three years ago, and perhaps Mr. Cadena will be able to carry his enterprise to a success.

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Colonel Calvert's cowboys struck our trail at Dog Creek. The first we knew of their presence was when they opened fire on us from the bushes. As we gathered our mule in hand five horsemen dashed out after us, and they did not abandon the pursuit until they had run us two miles and fired over 50 shots. For three long years Colonel Calvert's cowboys have been after our scalp, and they ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves that they did not secure it long ago. We don't think much of either their marksmanship or their enterprise. If we were a cowboy or had been after an editor for three years without even wounding him, we think we'd go out of business.

On various occasions we have observed that the lop shouldered, squint eyed critter whom by courtesy we have to speak of as our "esteemed contemporary" should be very careful how he foolish with a gun. We have publicly and personally given him lots of good advice on this subject, but being set in his ways he has refused to heed it. The other day he got into a row with Captain White and went home to get his gun. He should have hunted for a club or put a stone in a stocking for a weapon, but he lugged out an old revolver and started off to find the captain. He hadn't gone a block from his house when the thing began to shoot. Our esteemed looked for a shotgun or lever or handle, and not being able to find one he threw the pistol into the street. A bullet from it struck him in the calf of the leg, and a second wounded a valuable mule belonging to Judge Drayton. As a matter of courtesy we offered the use of our presses and the services of our compositors to enable the critter to get out his last week's issue, but he was so put out and chagrined that he refused our offer and skipped the issue entirely. As his circulation is only 247 copies, and as we use shoe paper, carpet tacks and vest buttons along with his types, his subscribers will probably feel grateful instead of making any complaints. An editor who doesn't know all about a gun should use a crowbar, picket or club.

A year or so ago a friend of THE KICKER in the western part of the territory sent us a half grown cinnamon bear as a token of his affection. The bear has ever since been chained in the back yard, and various signs have warned the public to keep out of his reach. Wednesday last, when the fire occurred in rear of the postoffice, THE KICKER office was deserted for a few minutes. So happened that old Tom Ryerson, who has been wanting a pop at us for several months, called just at that time to gratify his whim. Not finding us in, he decided to pop at our agricultural editor. That gentleman was not to be found, as was the case with our horse editor, and old Tom wandered into the composing room to pop a printer. Being disappointed all round, he went out to have fun with our bear. There was lots of fun lying around loose out there. The bear hadn't got hold of anybody for two weeks, and he welcomed the coming of the old man as a break in the monotony. When he got back to the office, we found pieces of leather and buckskin scattered all over the back yard, and just out of reach of the bear was old Tom. He hadn't as much as a collar on him, and he had been clawed and scratched and begged and bitten until his own mother couldn't recognize him. The doctor says it will be three or four months before he can get out again, but that the experience will thoroughly cure him of his desire to interfere with the freedom of the press.

M. QUAD.

"Auntie Fat."

TEXAS SIFTINGS.

Not on Compulsion.

"Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, "how do you think I look in my new gown?"

"All right, I presume," replied Mr. McSwat, absorbed in his newspaper.

"I asked you how you thought I looked in my new gown," said Mrs. McSwat, after waiting a few moments.

"I said all right, didn't I?"

There was another pause.

"But you haven't looked at me at all. I think you're as mean as you can be!"

"Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, throwing aside his newspaper, "if you hadn't been in such a hurry I would have said you looked lovely, charming, beautiful, sweet, adorable, matchless and altogether unapproachable, but you must let it come as a voluntary testimonial. I won't be held up for compliments. See you later."

And he picked up his paper again.—Chicago Tribune.

Signatures on Checks.

Lawyer.—